

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

Magazine Section of the
Boston Advertiser

Sunday

June 12, 1927

The Fortunes of Flossie

Verses By Carolyn Wells
Drawings By Nell Brinkley

1

WEEK-ENDING at a country house, Flossie just couldn't sleep.
And so, to get a book to read, she dared downstairs to creep.
And in the library she saw, moving a Ouija Board,
Lord Fitzhugh, one of the house guests. "Oh, let me!" she implored.



2

"CERTAINLY," he responded; "it's in great form to-night!
Just ask it any question, I'm sure 'twill answer right!"
"What will befall to-morrow?" she asked. The board went straight
To letters that spelled out the message: "This will be your fate!"

3

"TO-MORROW you'll be taken to a place where strangers lurk—
A place under the ruling of a great and powerful Turk!
Your gems will be stripped from you, aye, and your clothes as well!
You will be roughly handled—but more I cannot tell."

4

"O H, Heavens!" Flossie cried in fear. "Do you believe that's true?"
"I've never known the Board to tell a lie," said Lord Fitzhugh.
"No—but I really can't believe a Turk will kidnap me.
And strip me of my jewels and clothes! Such a thing cannot be!"

5

FLOSSIE told nobody. Next day, uncertain what to do,
She was exceeding angry, yet she was frightened, too.
And then a message came, which took away all fear and wrath,
"Come on, the whole crowd's going to take a Turkish bath!"

(To Be Concluded)

Copyright, 1927, by
American Weekly, Inc.

Science Learns New Facts About Lightning And Thunder Storms

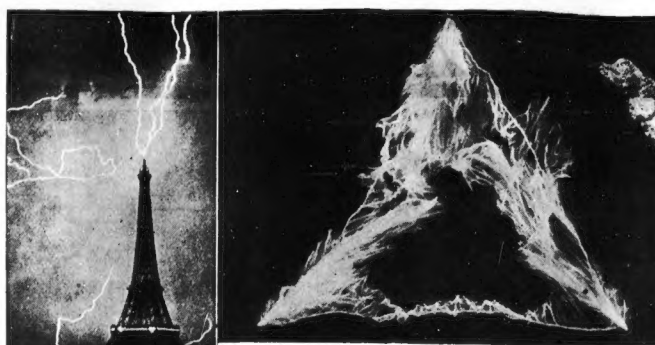
TWO hundred years ago lightning was believed to be a supernatural phenomenon. Franklin was first to prove that it was merely a discharge of electricity. But, as a result of recent experiments, science now knows with accuracy the voltage of a "thunderbolt" and the amount of energy it carries. Even its diameter has been measured.

The voltage of a severe lightning stroke is about one million times that of an ordinary lightning circuit used for domestic purposes. It is one thousand times that of a very high voltage transmission line. Such a stroke (commonly incidental to a big thunderstorm) represents about 13,800 kilowatt-seconds of energy, which would be enough to drive an automobile five miles or operate an electric toaster for a day.

Since this energy is dissipated in a few millionths of a second, the power developed during that brief period may be several billion horsepower. The Smithsonian Institution is about to publish a description of novel and remarkable experiments made with natural and artificial lightning by an expert, F. W. Peek, in the mountains of Colorado.

The general method of the study was to observe natural lightning during the violent thunderstorms frequent in that region, and, for the sake of comparison, to watch the effects of artificial thunderbolts on objects against which they were directed in the laboratory. It was estimated that the voltage of a heavy lightning stroke was in the neighborhood of 100,000,000 volts. Apparatus rigged in the laboratory "stepped up" a 2,000-volt current, 1,000 times, thus making 2,000,000 volts available for imitation thunderbolts.

The latter were delivered from big brass spheres, which represented clouds, the objects that served as targets being in some cases little houses, churches, trees, etc. The artificial thunderbolts having only one-fiftieth of the voltage of first-class real ones, the models were of toy size, built to corresponding scale. A conclusion drawn from the experiments was that, assuming a cloud 1,000 feet high, emitting discharges of lightning toward the earth, a small man standing directly under the storm center



A Spectacular Display of Lightning Striking Eiffel Tower in Paris.

would be hit fifteen times out of every 100 strokes. This supposes that the ground was perfectly flat and clear of other objects. Any tall object attracting lightning because it offers a conductor which is the reason why church steeples are so often struck. If the man lay flat on the ground, he would be hit only once in every 100 strokes. A 25-foot building would be hit every time. But with the storm center moved only 300 feet, there

Unusual Photograph of a Discharge of One Million Volts of Artificial Lightning, Showing the Remarkable Lace-Like Oscillations of High-Frequency Alternating Current.

would be no hits at all, and even a church would be perfectly safe.

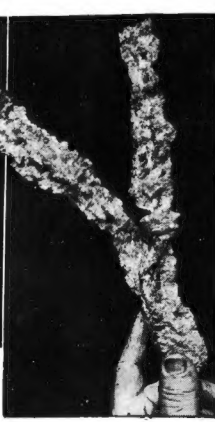
A thunder cloud acts as one plate of a huge condenser; the earth is the other plate. The intervening air is an insulator. When the voltage between earth and cloud becomes high enough, the insulation breaks down, and the energy, dissipated in a short circuit, produces the lightning flash.

Under such circumstances the electrical energy is changed into light, heat, sound and chemical energy. The light is seen in the flash, while the sound is heard as thunder, due to air waves set up by the explosive discharge.

Air is a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen. Lightning, passing through it,

causes the two gases to combine chemically, producing nitric acid—a process initiated nowadays for the commercial nitrates. Rain falling in a thunderstorm is found to contain some nitric acid. Each molecule of oxygen is composed of two atoms, which are torn apart by the explosive discharge. Some of these atoms recombine in groups of three, forming ozone, the peculiar odor of which is often perceptible after a storm.

Along the path of the lightning discharge are untold numbers of electrons and ions, moving at enormous velocities. Mr. Peek speaks of them "chunks of electricity, believed to be the elemental bricks of which all matter is fundamentally composed."



A Lightning Tube, Which Looks Like Rock Crystal but is Really Sand, Which When Damp Was Struck by Lightning, and Under the Terrible Heat Was Fused and Became Compact.

The "lightning generator" constructed by him in his mountain laboratory consisted of high-capacity condensers, which in function corresponded to storm clouds, but the insulation was glass instead of air. As in the case of cloud lightning, the electricity was stored at a relatively slow rate, and discharged at a tremendously rapid rate in a few millionths of a

second. During that brief fraction of a moment the power developed was away up in the millions of kilowatts.

Each discharge produced a loud, sharp, explosive report. When the artificial lightning was directed at logs four feet long and a foot in diameter, it split them from end to end. In some instances it made a lengthwise hole one-third of an inch in diameter, and the wood, immediately after being torn apart, had an odor of the gases of destructive distillation. These gases are formed suddenly by the discharge, and produce such high pressures that the wood is riven with great violence. It is easy to understand, then, how and why a bolt of real lightning may tear a big tree to pieces.

Incidentally, this experiment gave a measure of the diameter of the artificial thunderbolt. An equivalent observation, where real lightning is concerned, is afforded by the remarkable natural objects called "fulgurites." When lightning happens to strike a bed of loose sand, it enters the latter to some depth, its heat fusing the sand and forming a frail glassy tube which may be several feet long. The tube's diameter corresponds to that of the bolt.

The fact is worth recording that Franklin made experiments with counterfeit thunderclouds, which were tubes of pasteboard ten feet long and a foot in diameter, covered with gold paper and hung from a ceiling by silk threads to insulate them. When one of them was electrified, it would give a violent discharge to an iron bolt held within three inches; but a needle, at a distance of twelve inches, would draw off the electricity without noise or shock.

It struck him that a real cloud might by like means be caused to deliver harmlessly a great discharge across a wide atmospheric interval. Hence his invention of the lightning rod, in 1749. But his first rod was placed inside his house, with two bells to give notice when it was electrified. Often the flashes and cracks between ball and bell were so large and loud, with constant ringing, as to frighten Mr. Franklin. The sage laughed at her; but she was right; the installation was very dangerous.

U.S. Bureau Figures Out How Long the Seat of Your Trousers Should Last

Textile Testing Machine in the Bureau of Standards Accurately in Round Numbers How Many Times a Man Can Sit Down Before Wearing Out the Seat of His Trousers.

HOW many times can a man sit down before wearing out the seat of his trousers? The question is sufficiently important to engage the serious attention of the Bureau of Standards, which, by the help of ingenious machines, is now enabled to give the answer.

Wear on the seat of trousers, which is liable to culminate in one or more undesirable apertures, is mainly a matter of rubbing.

A business man sits down at his desk, moves his chair closer, preeningly pushes it away, swings around, gets

up, and seats himself again. He does these things dozens of times in the course of a forenoon or afternoon, thereby causing friction, which tends to wear out the bosom of his "pants."

To imitate this friction and its effects, the Bureau of Standards recently devised a rubbing machine, in which a sample of the cloth to be tested, wound on an oscillating drum, is rubbed against a piece of the same cloth at the rate of 30 many

times per minute. The contrivance is run by electricity, the number of rubs being automatically recorded.

The rubbing process, of course, steadily reduces the strength of the fabric. When it has been continued for a certain length of time, or so many thousand rubs, the strength of the cloth is measured and compared with the record of its original strength, before it was subjected to the rubbing. The difference represents the amount of wear it has suffered—i. e., its loss of resistance.

For testing its strength, before and after, two different machines are used. One of them, which determines its tensile strength, grabs a sample of the cloth at opposite edges and pulls both ways. A pointer on a dial shows the force of the pull, and the rate at which it yields, up to the final breaking point, is automatically recorded by a pen on a paper chart.

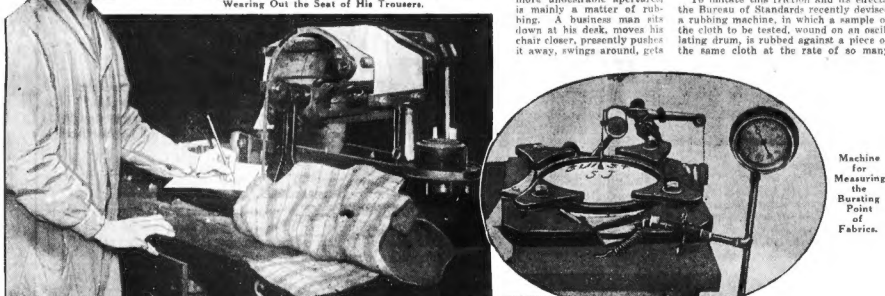
Apart from mere rubbing, the seat of a man's trousers is liable to be subjected to strains. After that garment has been donned, he puts on his shoes, first one and then the other, stoops to do so. A pen falls off his desk, and he gropes for it on the floor. The attitude strains the cloth of his pantaloons behind.

Hence the usefulness of the other machine mentioned, which determines the

"bursting point" of cloth. A circular piece of it is held taut in a steel frame beneath which there is a closed chamber supplied with water through a pipe. Water is forced into the chamber under pressure, the number of pounds per square inch being shown by a pointer on a dial. The pressure from beneath bellies up the sample of cloth, which finally bursts. If (as the pressure is gradually raised) it resists up to fifty pounds per square inch, it is mighty strong stuff.

The Bureau of Standards undertook these experiments in response to a request from the War Department, which desired to know what sort of fabric was best for the uniform trousers of army officers.

As a result of its scientific inquiry, the Bureau is able to state that, if a certain kind of cloth be used for trousers, a man ought to be able to sit down and get up again (allowing for incidental squirms) 97,000 times before wearing out the seat.



Machine for Measuring the Bursting Point of Fabric.

Dog Collars Find Vogue as Engagement Rings

AWAY back, as far as the records run, the betrothal of a couple has been symbolized by some sort of token. The original symbol was a circle of precious metal, known as a finger ring. It has been an object of ornament and use for thousands of years. The very word ring comes from symbol, the Latin symbolum. In Greek mythology there is an interesting story of the origin of the ring.

Jupiter, for revenge, caused his cousin Prometheus to be chained to a mountain, swearing that he should be thus chained forever. Biting at his shackles, he managed to go back on his word, he freed Prometheus, but ordered him to wear a ring of iron, in which was set a fragment of the mountain to which Prometheus had been chained. Symbolically, Prometheus was still chained to the mountain. Thus, the thinking of one thing to another came to be symbolized by a ring.

Only the other day there came from Denver the startling news that the young women of this western city were wearing dog collars for engagement rings in lieu of the conventional band of gold, silver or diamond-set platinum. To further emphasize the departure from tradition, the new wearers this morning took around their legs, as shown in the photograph of Miss Jay Rowe, of Denver, on this page. Thus the engagement ring-dog-collar became a garb as well as a symbol of betrothal, combining utility with romance. Jewels replace the brass studs of the common variety of eye collar, and the ordinary brass nametag is replaced by one of gold or silver. The time-honored inscription, "From John to Mary, January 17, 1918," has given way to the modern description of the young woman's initials, engraved above the name of the young man to whom she has become engaged. According to reports, the Denver young

women prefer the informal pet names of their young men. Therefore is christened to Ted, Thomas to Tom, William to Bill, and so on.

The custom was started by a young woman in one of the college societies and it spread rapidly. It was generally believed to be something entirely new in the way of betrothal tokens, but had the young woman been a careful student in her history class she would have known that the fact she started was an old one long before the Christian era was born.

Jeweled anklets have been discovered in the cinerary urns of the ancient Greeks, with inscriptions which indicate they were tokens of engagement. Bracelets were also common in all ages as tokens of be-

trothal. Invariably such symbols took a circular form. The reason for this is that in nearly all early religions the circle symbolized eternity. The young man presenting his lady love with a token of betrothal, whether in the form of a ring, an anklet or a bracelet, signified his hope that their love would be eternal. Among the Hindus, Persians and Egyptians a ring denoted eternity. Brahma, the creator of the world, wears a ring in his hand. In ancient times rings were not necessarily designed to be worn. Some of the Egyptian signs were of extraordinary size. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentions one which contained about twenty pounds of gold.

The fad of the dog-collar engagement

tokens introduced in Denver brings to mind a similar fad made popular some years ago. A ring was placed on the market which contained a socket for hair. The young woman presenting this to her sweetheart put a lock of her hair in it. It was hailed as an innovation and dubbed the "Remembrance" ring.

But it was far from new. Roman remains were found at Heronval in Normandy, and among them were rings. One of these was of distinctly modern form, with a small space under which the stone is usually fixed, in which were found some tiny strands of human hair.

Rings which have a sentimental origin were always worn on the fourth finger of the left hand. According to an ancient historian, the reason for this was quite apparent. The ancient having found, from what they thought they knew of anatomy, that this finger had a little nerve that ran straight to the heart, they deemed it the proper finger for a token of romance.

By wearing the engagement rings around their legs instead of around their fingers, the young women of Denver have taken on an unusual tribe of savages in their tips and noses. Probably earrings were invented by a bored young woman who got tired of wearing a ring on her finger and decided to start a new fad.

The principal objection to the dog-collar engagement token around the leg seems to be, "What's the use of wearing an engagement ring without anybody seeing it?"

To which the answer is, "Nowadays a ring worn about the leg can easily be seen by the skirt of women growing shorter and shorter."



Miss Fay Rowe, of Denver, Colorado, Wearing Two Dog-Collar Engagement Rings.

And Abbie The Fore-and-Aft Style of Wearing the Collars.

Preserving Fish With Liquid Air

IMPROVEMENT in refrigeration methods which may result in widespread change in systems of storing and shipping perishable foods are being put into effect by a group of shipping experts, fish distributors, and officials of the Atlantic experimental station for fisheries of the Canadian government.

The central idea of the new method is that foods preserved by freezing should be chilled rapidly instead of slowly. Fillets of large fish are wrapped in waxed paper and packed tightly in narrow cans and sunk in a rapidly circulating bath of very cold brine. Small fish are wrapped and packed whole.

Fish preserved by the new rapid-freezing method have been kept for six months, and when thawed and cooked could not be distinguished from freshly caught fish.

Still more rapid methods of freezing are being sought by the experimenters. Pieces of haddock were hung on wires and submerged in liquid air and kept in big thermos bottles at a temperature of some 360 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. The liquid boiled and hissed like water when a red-hot iron is plunged into it, and in a minute the fish was taken out frozen white.

Liquid air freezing is still too expensive for commercial use (says a writer in Science), but if the fish industry were to adopt this method the manufacture of liquid air on a large scale for this purpose would bring about a lower price.

Not for the Public to Admire

Mlle. Spinnelly, in a Sudden Spasm of Modesty, Sues a Paris Photographer for Giving Out "Intimate" Photographs Posed Behind Locked Doors



Mlle. Spinnelly in a Photograph Exhibiting What She Feels the Public Is Entitled to See of Her Widely Famous Figure.

PARIS, June 2. "MY face and my shoulders, yes!" cried Mlle. Spinnelly from the witness box in part four of the Seine Tribunal with that shrill frankness for which she is famous. "My legs, too, if you insist—they belong to the herd. Any pig of a spectator in the theatre where I am playing can buy a peep at them for a few francs."

"But the rest of me—" here Mlle. Spinnelly paused to deal herself several resounding slaps, spansks and pats on other portions of her anatomy—"the rest of me belongs to myself—and to those I love."

The occasion of the piquante little actress' outburst was the recent trial of a point of civil law in which Mlle. Spinnelly, plaintiff and Mme. Octave d'Or, the photographer of Paris society and stagehand, the defendant. The audience seated in the spectators' benches looked like one of those fashionable ones which usually congregate for the opening night of one of Spinnelly's plays.

The hearing, read one theatrical newspaper account, "was an instant hit. In the audience were Maurice Rostand, the poet, Maurice de Waleffe, the Belly Sisters, Mme. Paul Dubouche—in short, the wit and beauty of the town. Mlle. Spinnelly's testimony kept the house in a roar of merriment."

Everybody laughed but "Spi." The little actress was quite serious about the whole business. It was not at all to her taste that quasi-made portraits of her charms had been placed on the public market by her erstwhile friend, Mme. d'Or. It was so little to her taste that she was here to claim 100,000 francs in damages from the unfortunate photographer. And, to win her point that her private life, including her private photographs, was her

own to control, she was willing to record just what that private life had been. The lady in question, both by her public adventures as struggling and then triumphant "eccentric" of the Paris stage and by her private adventures as heroine of three dramatic love affairs, has held the attention of the Paris public for the last decade.

In wartime her first fame was achieved by her performance of one play, "Kiki," and then doubly secured by her romantic encounter with Guynemer, the French Ace-of-Aces, just a week before the heroic aviator's last and fatal air flight over the Champagne front.

All Paris, at that time, knew of the young hero's long and hopeless courtship of Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, the popular favorite who, the wife now of actor Sacha Guitry, recently made her talent and charms known to the New York public. His comrades of the flight

squadron attributed the reckless bravado with which he attacked the enemy even when, singly, he encountered a whole squadron, to the despair of which the luckless lover was victim.

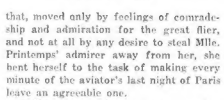
A week before his death, Guynemer, on Paris leave and, as usual, haunting theatrical circles in the hopes of obtaining a glimpse or perhaps even an interview with the blonde Mlle. Printemps, was dragged to a performance of "Kiki" by a group of care-free companions, several of whom boasted acquaintance with the little star of the performance.

After the performance, still piloted by his friends, Guynemer was conducted backstage to meet the new popular favorite. "How lucky!" greeted Mlle. Spinnelly as she acknowledged the introduction to Guynemer. "I'm going out tonight in my home—we'll have some fun. Don't fail me. Number 41, rue de Valenciennes—remember the address."

Accounts differ as to exactly what happened before the following dawn, which found Guynemer, more despondent than ever, on his way back to the front to prepare for his last heroic flight. He flew and fell in flames. Naturally, the French public demanded the truth about the last days of their idol's life. It was argued that anything that concerned him was henceforth history. The reports tried to satisfy the public appetite for information about their Guynemer. They were a confusing mixture of gossip woven about Mlle. Printemps and little-tattle spun about Mlle. Spinnelly.

Which of the two ladies, in short, the blonde or the brunette, could claim that here was the name that Guynemer spoke with his last breath as, swooning tank alone and one wing gone, he fell two thousand feet to his doom?

The version of the memorable evening that Mlle. Spinnelly gives to her friends is



Spinnelly's Baby.

that, moved only by feelings of comradeship and admiration for the great flier, and not at all by any desire to steal Mlle. Printemps' admirer away from her, she bent herself to the task of making every minute of the aviator's last night of Paris have an agreeable one.

"I didn't want things to happen as they did," she regrets. "I was just being nice, and gay and—well, perhaps just a tiny bit flirtatious, just for fun. And I was terribly surprised and hurt when, in the small hours just before dawn, Guynemer, poor boy, caught me alone in my room and insisted upon declaring a sudden passion. To tell the truth, I didn't think it was a case of love at first sight—it was a case of champagne."

If she could have read into the near future, the sprightly actress might have been more lenient. As it was, she rebuked the enterprising woman coldly.

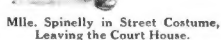
What do you take me for, captain? This is a lastless joke. Put your hands back in your pockets and let's rejoice the guests."

In spite of Mlle. Spinnelly's protests and the denials that were uttered in Mlle. Printemps' name, the legend that Guynemer did more of heartbreak than of ecstasy, fire, has always persisted. And many Frenchmen still believe that Guynemer built on this picturesque site her villa, "Zache-Soi," the name of which is a laudable paraphrase of her own name. And here, allowing the gay thought back in Paris to forget her, Mlle. Spinnelly had her son. The woman who had gloried in a reputation for heartlessness and who, truth to tell, had not been altogether displeased when rumor ascribed her the "sampire" role in Guynemer's tragedy—this woman now surrendered completely to the sentimental delights of motherhood. Paris managers who journeyed to the inaccessible love-nest at Biot had their contract offers indignantly refused.

"What! Leave my baby? Get out of my house with your silly contract!" There was a rude awakening from this domestic idyll. Over in Brazil young Tito's family heard of the turn his "volitional tour" of Europe had taken and ordered him home, backing the order with threats of disinheritance. M. Tito left, presumably to persuade his family to approve his union with the Paris actress. But several years have passed and M. Tito has not yet reported success for his undertaking.

Mlle. Spinnelly naturally felt that the hope, three years old, that M. Tito would return with parental blessing, was becoming a forlorn one. And, even should Don Jose return now, he would find that his place as Mlle. Spinnelly's champion had been preempted by a successor.

The young actress-mother makes no



Mlle. Spinnelly in Street Costume, Leaving the Court House.

was that she had resisted the blandishments of a Guynemer and had never lost her head over any man because willingly enslaved to the ducky young tennis player and tango dancer.

She all but billeted her passion. She hoped at one time to become the wife of the young coffee heir. Under the spell of this dream of romantic matrimony she refused several tempting theatrical engagements and followed Jose to Biarritz. The young couple, seeking lovers' solitude, bought a point of rocky land jutting out into the Mediterranean at Bidart, a few miles from Biarritz, and Mlle. Spinnelly built on this picturesque site her villa, "Zache-Soi," the name of which is a laudable paraphrase of her own name.

In Paris to forget her, Mlle. Spinnelly had her son. The woman who had gloried in a reputation for heartlessness and who, truth to tell, had not been altogether displeased when rumor ascribed her the "sampire" role in Guynemer's tragedy—this woman now surrendered completely to the sentimental delights of motherhood. Paris managers who journeyed to the inaccessible love-nest at Biot had their contract offers indignantly refused.

"What! Leave my baby? Get out of my house with your silly contract!" There was a rude awakening from this domestic idyll. Over in Brazil young Tito's family heard of the turn his "volitional tour" of Europe had taken and ordered him home, backing the order with threats of disinheritance. M. Tito left, presumably to persuade his family to approve his union with the Paris actress. But several years have passed and M. Tito has not yet reported success for his undertaking.

Mlle. Spinnelly naturally felt that the hope, three years old, that M. Tito would return with parental blessing, was becoming a forlorn one. And, even should Don Jose return now, he would find that his place as Mlle. Spinnelly's champion had been preempted by a successor.

The young actress-mother makes no



Guynemer, the Late Ace of Aces of the French Aviation Corps.

secret of her regard for the youngest of the successful Paris playwrights, M. Jacques Thery. And H. Thery, author of the two last plays in which Mlle. Spinnelly has been seen in Paris, appeared in the role of champion and protector of the lovely "damsel in distress" in the court-room comedy concerning his fair interactor's photographic image and the naughty photographer.

The origins of the dispute date back to an episode of Spinnelly's friendship with M. Tito. One night, in her theatrical dressing room, a group of the actress' friends opened a discussion of the star's beauty, during which M. Tito volunteered the information that certain measurements taken of Mlle. Spinnelly's form had revealed the interesting fact that her proportions were almost identical with those of the Venus de Milo in the Louvre. At the time a series of American Beauty contests had created a vogue for this sort of tape-measure criticism of the esthetic attributes of the female form.

One of her admirers loudly protested that such beauty as Spinnelly's should not be lost to the records.

"You will age, Spi, and the harmonious lines which only your mirror knows now will be lost, even to your own memory. You should be painted—or photographed—as you are today."

The advice struck M. Tito as excellent. He had heard of Mme. Octave d'Or, one of the few women photographers who have achieved success in Paris and selected her as the proper expert for the making of the very intimate record which was required.

Arrangements were made for a whole day of posing behind locked doors in Mme. d'Or's studio in the rue Eugene Flachat, the building to be closed against everyone but the woman photographer, Mlle. Spinnelly and M. Tito, who turned up with a lot of ideas and an album of reproductions of classic sculpture, eager for his role as friendly critic and stage director. More than two dozen of the exceedingly by undress negatives were made and Mme. d'Or swears that she never did so back-breaking a day's toil in her life. Mlle. Spinnelly was tireless. She was, in turn, "Salome," "September Morn," Rodin's "Eve," "Sappho" and, finally, the Venus de Milo to which she had been compared. Mme. d'Or, herself, applauded the resemblance when Mlle. Spinnelly took the pose, and the young actress very seriously considered, making the recreation; that, if the Venus had arms, I doubt that they would be as round and firm as mine."

When Mlle. Spinnelly and M. Tito left toward dusk, there was some discussion of the business of Mlle. Spinnelly said:

"The professional discount, of course." The case now being tried before the Seine Tribunal turns on that incident. By French custom, approved by French law, the actress or other public character who demands the "professional rate" for photographs tacitly consents to their sale to magazines and other publications. Mme. d'Or argues that she had every right to seek her profit on the day's work elsewhere, in view of the fact that Mlle. Spinnelly demanded the "cost-of-materials" rate which is accorded only to artists.

Confident in the assumed right, Mme. d'Or made no difficulties when, recently, a representative of the Vienna theatrical paper, "Die Buehne," running through her collection, named when he came to the article, but during series of Spinnelly sculptured poses, and ordered one of them for his editor.

"Two months later, Mlle. Spinnelly was wakened one morning out of a sound sleep by her maid who told her that her dear friend, Mlle. Jean Marnac, (incidentally, a rival actress) was on the wire and demanded to speak with "Spi," "on an urgent matter."

"My congratulations," came Mlle. Marnac's honeyed voice to Mlle. Spinnelly's undelivered ears. "You are lovely. Those dummies are simply sweet. I advise you to go to Vienna immediately. You can't fail to secure a fine engagement down there. The Viennese are crazy about the nude."

When Mlle. Marnac had completed her explanations about the offending photographs in "Die Buehne," a copy of which had reached her in that morning's mail, Spinnelly flew into a fine rage. She stormed into the next room and literally dragged Jacques Thery out of bed. Before the dazed actor was well awake, she had him dressed and on his way to Mlle. Marnac's apartment. He soon returned with the copy of the Vienna magazine and Mlle. Spinnelly saw with her own eyes that her friend had spoken the truth.

To all those vitally important matters the interested parties have just testified and Mlle. Spinnelly's lawyer has delivered, moreover, a very fine harangue on the subject of female modesty, as it applies to the very fine-drawn difference between those of his client's charms which are meant for public exploitation and those which are intended for private circulation.

After the leisurely French judicial habit, decision in the case has been postponed until Fall Assizes. Meanwhile, however, the litigated photographs are locked up in the Palais de Justice legal library. And it is reported that never before have the members of the bar been so eager to avail themselves of their privilege to consult the "confidential files" of the institution.

The Shocking "College Girl" Posters That Turned Out To Be Perfectly All Right

STUDENTS of the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas, were preparing for their annual frolic, familiarly known in the college town as the Ag Fair.

Posters describing the event were sent to the town stores, and were placed in the windows. In flaming colors they pictured Neola, an Oriental dancer.

One of the posters portrayed Neola, in exotic garb, seated behind a table, her eyes in dreamy expression. In one hand she held a long cigarette-holder, and the smoke from the cigarette curled lazily upward. About her neck was a string of beads, the most concealing item of her garb.

Another of the posters, which attracted still more delighted comment from the crowds who gathered in front of the stores, showed Neola in full-length pose, in an attitude which suggested that she was about to go into her dance—and a dance that would be appropriate to her costume.

Tickets for the Ag Fair sold like hotcakes. The students were jubilant. But not so Miss Mary P. Van Zile, dean of women at the college. She was head of a committee recently organized to see that the proprieties at the college were properly enforced. The other members of the committee were Professors R. M. Green, E. S. Lyons, H. E. Reed and J. P. Fitch.

Recently, when young women of the institution began leaving their corsets at home when they went to dances, the faculty got together and ruled that every feminine dancer should wear some form of girdle or else be a wallflower at the college hops. House mothers at the boarding houses and chaperons at the dances were instructed to see that the rule was enforced. It wasn't hence the committee.

The first act of the committee was to emphasize the importance of obeying this



Floyd E. Carroll, the Original of the Poster, Which Fooled the School Authorities.

rule concerning their attire. The second was to the effect that the young women of the college must not walk to town in their one-piece bathing suits after taking plunges in the college bathing pools. It was ordered that they wear raincoats over the bathing suits while on the streets or in the corner drug stores where the girls congregated so often after swims for ice cream.

Raincoats would be more modest, it was explained.

The girls obeyed the orders, but there were murmurs of discontent.

Then came the posters. Miss Van Zile at once called a conference of the members of the committee. The four professors and the dean of women went to town and showed their way through crowds to look at the posters. One look was sufficient. Upon the return of the committee the Ag Fair management was ordered to recall at once, and to immediately discontinue, the use of the scantily clad pictures of Neola. The order read:

"The use of the poster



Mr. Carroll as an Oriental Dancer.

of the scantily clad young woman is hereby ordered discontinued and such posters

as have been sent out are ordered recalled at once."



Rolling Their Stockings, a Mild Concession to Modernity, When Compared to What the Poster Represented, is Also Forbidden.

Having issued the order, members of the committee, the following day, went to

town to see if it had been obeyed. It had not. Neola smoked her cigarette in some windows, in other windows she seemed about to go into her dance.

The management of the Ag Fair was called in a body before the faculty representatives. Strangely enough, they did not look sheepish, guilty or in any way ashamed of themselves. They did not have the appearance of youths who had disobeyed orders. In fact, they announced, they had not disobeyed.

"Neola is not a woman," the students explained. "She is Floyd E. Carroll, junior in the department of veterinary medicine and every inch a man."

Carroll, it was explained, is a clever female impersonator. He it was who had posed for the posters, and he it was who would dance the Oriental dance. Was there anything wrong about that, the young college men asked. The faculty members threw up their hands and dismissed the offenders.

The Ag Fair was a financial success and Floyd Carroll, twenty years old, of Fredericktown, Missouri, was made more or less famous as an impersonator—and as an Oriental dancer. But the faculty members, some of them at least, feel they have lost out. Possibly to cover their confusion, discussion of the costumes of young women of the college goes on unabated.

Professor Green, after commenting on the Neola incident, said:

"The girls' hockeys, baseball and archery costumes, that we see on the campus every day, aren't much better than young Carroll's dance costumes."

The other professors of the disciplinary committee have expressed belief that it is better not to start a campaign at the present time against athletic costumes of the young women. Rules, however, probably will be made more strict in regard to costumes in college dramas and recitals, and other rules to costumes at dances probably will be more strict.

Let Uncle Sam Test Your Watch

It is not generally known that among the other roles played by Uncle Sam is that of watchmaker. Further, the government watch and clock-testing service is extended to the public for a nominal fee.

An immense amount of scientific mechanism is employed for the purpose. The service is performed by trained specialists in the Department of Commerce.

The official time tests are made with watches in every conceivable position and at various extremes of temperature, while the effect of various motions are considered and the proximity of any object which might, however slightly, affect the works. In reading the time from the watch or clock face, every precaution is taken to minimize possible mistakes. It is not enough that the observer should look at the watch in the ordinary way. The watch is held in a fixed position and the time is taken by looking through a telescope placed exactly at right angles.

During the tests the watches must, of course, be kept under definitely known conditions of temperature in glass cases,

free from vibration or any external influence.

It is far more complicated to tell the time with scientific accuracy than might be imagined. First of all, the watch to be observed is placed in the official testing room and watched from a respectful distance through the glass front of the compartment. The readings of time are made by use of a telescope which is sighted on the watches. The time is recorded in turn on a chronograph by the tapping of a telegraph key.

The readings are taken only when the second-hand reaches the fifty-eighth and sixtieth second-hand mark on the dial. It is possible in this way to obtain the correction of the watch each day within 0.1 second.

The readings are taken only when the second-hand reaches the fifty-eighth and sixtieth second-hand mark on the dial. It is possible in this way to obtain the correction of the watch each day within 0.1 second.

Strange Bird That Has a Multi-Colored Bill

ONE of the most remarkable of birds is the strange, awkward Toucan, a native of South America, a fine specimen of which has recently been added to the bird section of the London zoo.

Gaudy in plumage and ungainly in appearance, it is distinguished by its extraordinary bill which, in the case of the new arrival, is blended in a hundred tints.

The long bill of the toucan enables it to reach and devour fruit while remaining seated, thus counterbalancing the disadvantage which its heavy body and gluttonous appetite would otherwise give it in competition with other birds.

On account of their huge and gaily colored beaks, toucans have been imagined to be related to hornbills, but this is not so. The typical beak of the hornbill is surrounded by a large casque, whereas the beak of the toucan is never so ornamented.



Hartman 1906



The Special Key at the Department of Commerce Laboratory for Testing Stop Watches.

The Holy Grail, Merely a Glass Bowl, Found at Last?

THERE is, in the Museum of Art at Toledo, Ohio, a cup made of glass of the type known as Sidonian or Syrian. Six similar goblets are known to exist throughout the world.

As a mere glass chalice dating back to the period of Christ, the cup in the Toledo museum created much interest. But today that interest has been greatly intensified. If the cup in the Toledo museum is what some scientists think it is, then the search for the famous Holy Grail, used at the last supper of Christ and his disciples, may be at an end.

It was Dr. J. Rendel Harris, of Manchester, England, who first called attention to the possibility that the glass goblet at Toledo may be the Holy Grail. In the time of Christ, Dr. Harris said, the glass industry flourished in the Holy Land under the Romans.

"Glasses such as the one in the Toledo museum," says Dr. Harris, "were known to have been in common use among the people of Syria and Palestine in the centuries immediately preceding and following the time of Christ. We also know that it is quite unlikely that the followers of Christ would have been the possessors of a silver or golden chalice, and we have every reason to believe that they would have used at the Last Supper the ordinary din-

ner wear of the time. We certainly cannot prove that any one of the seven Syrian cups is the Holy Grail. On the other hand, no one can prove that one is not the Holy Grail. Each of these cups bears the inscription in Greek which may be translated, 'Whosoever art thou come? Ho, ho!'

"A very similar phrase occurs in St. Matthew's account of the betrayal, xvi, 30: 'Friend, whosoever art thou come?' While

the use in both places of the same language proves nothing, it lends cred-

ence to the belief that these cups may have been used by the disciples."

The vessel in the Toledo museum is made of clear, light-green glass, and was blown in a mold to produce the pattern. It is but two and a half inches high and the diameter at the top is

two and three-quarter inches. The decoration consists of three pairs of lines around the body of the cup and the inscription in Greek characters.

Virtual duplicates of the Toledo cup are in museums at Leyden, Berlin, London and other European centers. For many years students of Biblical times have been convinced that the Holy Grail was hidden somewhere in the vicinity of England's historic Glastonbury Abbey. Excavations were made there in vain.

Next to the cross on which Jesus was crucified and the holy sepulchre in which his body was laid, nothing is held in greater reverence than the cup, or chalice, or whatever kind of vessel it was that was known as the Holy Grail. It is believed it was used at the Last Supper, and that not only the Apostles but Christ himself hal-

lowed it with his hands and lips when it was filled with the sacramental wine and passed around the table. The same cup was believed to have been used to catch Christ's life blood as it dripped from the cruel wounds in His side when on the crucifixion took place.

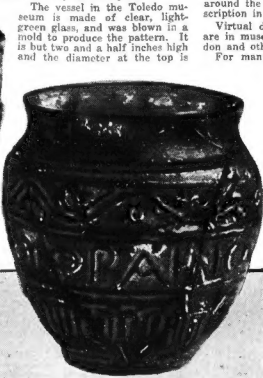
The Holy Grail has been the inspiration for many poems, idylls, paintings and sculptures. Tenny-



Another Bowl That Might Have Been on the Table During the Last Supper—a Specimen of the Same Era as the Toledo Relic, Now in the Berlin Museum.



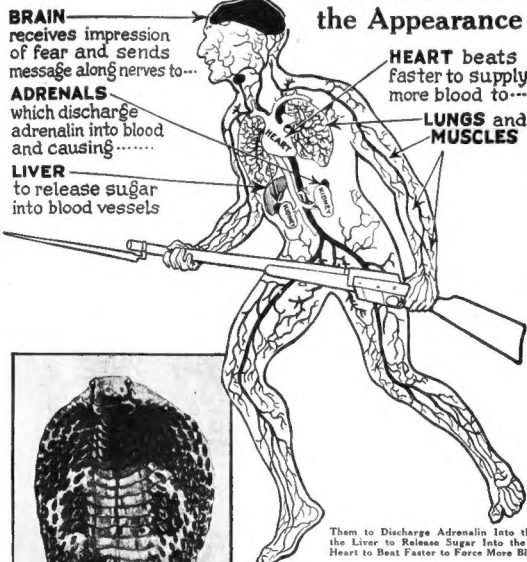
The Glass Bowl, Donated to the Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art by Edward Drummond Libbey, and Which, Scientists Believe, May Be the Holy Grail.



This Vessel, Also Inscribed in Greek, Discovered in the Crimea, and Now in the British Museum, Was Likewise Once Believed to Be the Holy Grail.

Who Terror Makes Your Hair Stand on End

Science Discovers That the Machinery of the Body Responds to Great Fear or Towering Rage by Pouring Reserves of Sugar Into the Blood to Add Power to the Muscles, Quickening the Heart Beats to Pump Additional Blood and Making the Hair Stand Up to Add Fierceness to the Appearance



Fear Manifests Itself on the Features and Registers in the Brain, Which Sends the Necessary Orders Through the Nervous System to the Liver and Kidneys.

GREAT fear or towering rage are manifested by many definite changes in the feelings of the individual and in his appearance. People are said to be "pale as death"; this is true, and Science understands why. In great terror, the "hair stands on end"; this is an actual fact, and Science knows why. A man hard pressed by his enemies and fearful that his life is in danger, fights with tremendous and unusual strength, and Science now is able to explain this, too.

Dr. W. M. Hackbusch, a German scientist, has recently carried on some extremely interesting experiments in regard to the emotions of fear and anger, with some highly enlightening results. Dr. Hackbusch made his tests quite simply and directly. Selecting a group of normal human individuals as his subjects, he contrived to make these persons angry or afraid, one after the other. Both before and after the fits of fright or anger the physician drew off from the veins small samples of blood in which chemists made tests showing the exact amounts of sugar contained in the bodily fluid. Emotion caused this amount of sugar to increase.

Some effect of fright or anger undoubtedly adds to the blood of the body relatively large amounts of sugar, which were not there before. Thus comes reinforcement to a theory of the chemistry of the human body, which was first suggested several years ago by Dr. W. B. Cannon, of Harvard University. There is opened, also, a most interesting window looking back into the dim history of mankind, when the evolution of life on earth was just beginning.

The whole matter of sugar in the blood and of the effects of fright or anger on it is tied up with the effects of the glands, these mysterious little organs inside bodies, long neglected by the physician but now known to be perhaps the most important structures which the human body contains. One of these glands is called the "adrenal," which name means merely that it is located above the kidney, where it forms a small mass of living tissue less than an inch in diameter.

This gland is now known to produce a chemical substance called adrenalin, now extracted from the glands of animals and used as a remedy for hay fever and asthma, and for various other purposes in medicine. A whole series of very curious bodily reactions are mixed up, Dr. Cannon pointed out, with the action of this gland. If a dose of this material called adrenalin is injected artificially into the human body, or if the living gland already in that body is induced to discharge into the blood as it flows through the gland an abnormally large amount of this same chemical, profound changes occur at once in the body. For one thing, the small arteries and veins close to the surface of the body contract, so that the skin grows pale and blue. The heart begins to beat faster. The breathing grows more rapid and examination of the lungs shows that more blood than usual is being forced through the tiny arteries of those organs, where the blood goes to receive the life-giving oxygen from the air.

If the skin is examined, a very curious thing is seen to be happening to it. All of the thousands of tiny muscles which connect with the hair roots, some of which are still scattered over the human skin as remnants of man's former coat of body hair, are contracted, so that the hairs are pulled erect.

This is what is recognized as "goose-flesh." It is a quite literal effect of the hair to "stand on end," as the hair is proverbially supposed to do when a person is deeply frightened. Indeed, science has proved that this is no mere suppo-

How Nature Equips the Cobra With a Hood, Which It Distends as a Menacing Spectacle to an Approaching Enemy.

tion, for the human hair actually does stand on end as one result of severe fright. Novelists are right, also, in speaking of the "bristling" eyebrows and mustache of persons who are angry. One of the effects of anger, just as one of the effects of fear, is to make the hair of the eyebrows, the beard, and even of the head, try to stand up stiffer than usual. In some animals this is still more evident. Everyone has seen how a scared or angry cat will apparently swell up to two or three times the normal thickness by the mere bristling of the hair, especially that on the tail.

All these bodily effects of fear or anger, very curious effects indeed if there were no clues to them, are accompanied, Dr. Cannon showed, by the presence in the blood of more of the material called adrenalin than is usually present in that fluid. Indeed, the adrenalin is the cause, not the effect, for that chemical alone will start off all the other effects.

A dose of adrenalin in the blood will rattle up the fur of a cat even though the cat is neither frightened nor angered. Now, Dr. W. M. Hackbusch has shown that to all these effects of the combination of adrenalin and anger there is added still another effect, one, indeed, which Dr. Cannon and previous workers had already found evidence for and had predicted would exist: the effect is the supply of extra sugar to the blood.

This sugar comes from the liver, which is an organ of many functions in the body, some of which are still quite mysterious. One of the less mysterious functions is the storage of sugar. When a person eats more sugar than is needed by the body for the immediate supply of foods to the muscles or other working organs this extra sugar, duly absorbed from the digestive tract, is stored in the liver. It is not stored as sugar itself, which would be a difficult material to handle and preserve because of its easy solubility in watery fluids such as the blood.

Instead the sugar is converted in the liver into another and somewhat similar material called glycogen. This glycogen is stored in the liver as money might be

stored in the treasury of a business man. As money might be needed in the town the treasury could dole it out. Just so the liver keeps the extra sugar safe until the body needs it for food, when little by little the stored glycogen is converted into sugar and allowed to run out into the blood.

That seems to be what happens when the fits of anger or fear make Dr. Hackbusch's patients acquire some extra blood sugar. The emotion persuades the liver to release some sugar. Why should the liver do this? Apparently because the release of some of the stored sugar is merely one part of a general preparation which the body makes for trouble when frightening or angering things happen. This is the theory suggested by Dr. Cannon and his co-workers, and it is strongly supported by the new studies of Dr. Hackbusch.

According to this theory the first effect of fright or anger, so soon as these emotions cause the nerves and the brain, is the discharge of some of the adrenalin from the small adrenal glands just over the kidneys. This adrenalin is the distress signal of the body. It circulates with the blood, acts on the liver to make that organ release some sugar, acts on the heart to make it beat faster, acts on the tiny blood vessels in the lungs to make them expand and carry more blood through the spaces where it can acquire oxygen, cast out of the other manifold things which the human body does, all unknown to its own possessor, when emotions like fright or anger are aroused.

None of these things are done by the body, affected by the adrenalin message, for the mere fun of doing them. Every one has its purpose, and each one of these purposes is in line with the preparation of the body for what is about to happen, caused by fright and by severe anger, when a man is "pale with rage," has its purpose. It means that the blood has been withdrawn from the surface layers of the body into the well-protected internal organs. If there is a fight and if a wound must be suffered, the surface tissues, less well supplied with blood, will bleed less dangerously.

Greatly Enlarged Section of the Human Skin and Hair, Showing How Each Human Hair Has a Muscle (A) for Raising It to a Perpendicular Position.

that happening here a fight or the necessity of running away. The faster heart-beat drives more blood through the arteries, so that all of the muscles will be well supplied with the vital fluid. The extension of the blood spaces in the lungs has a similar effect. The blood will be well supplied with oxygen, so that the runner or fighter will not grow short of breath.

Even the pale-ness of the face caused by fright and by severe anger, when a man is "pale with rage," has its purpose. It means that the blood has been withdrawn from the surface layers of the body into the well-protected internal organs. If there is a fight and if a wound must be suffered, the surface tissues, less well supplied with blood, will bleed less dangerously.

The discharge of sugar from the liver which Dr. Hackbusch has been studying is perhaps the most directly useful and preparative of all these bodily changes, for it is from this sugar that the muscles of the fighter or of the fugitive will obtain the power for their strenuous efforts. Sugar is certainly the most quickly available muscle food and the most effective.

It is possible that it is the only food that the muscles use to do their work of contracting and moving the body. When the body lies quietly in bed or sits motionless in a chair little sugar is used by the muscles. Some continues to circulate in the blood in case of sudden emergencies, but most of it remains stored in the liver.

When the emotional signal of fright or anger comes along the adrenalin, which is immediately set into circulation in the blood, calls out the sugar reserves from the liver. More sugar enters the blood and circulates in it also. This provides the muscles with ample supplies of quick energy-producing food, so that violent movements can be undertaken and continued.

Even the curious action of ruffling up the hair, so easily to be seen in frightened cats and by no means difficult to observe when a human being is badly frightened, belongs, the scientists are sure, to this same group of protective reactions which are evoked by the more stimulus of emotion. The purpose of this is probably to make the cat look larger and more ferocious.

In the same way the bristling mustache of a belligerent man may scare off some less courageous enemy. No one imagines that the rise of the hair on the head of a man lost in a cemetery at midnight would scare off any ghosts, but these reactions, even the discharge of the sugar into the blood, have all become quite automatic and unconscious during the millions of years that they have been under development by the forces of evolution.

Men do not have to think about the regulation of the heart-beat or the discharge of the needed sugar from the liver into the blood. All these things are done by the body alone, without troubling the brain at all.

So far do these instinctive reactions go back in the past of the human race and into the animal ancestry that the scientists have not been able to trace them clearly to their first beginning. They are at least a half a billion years, as estimated by the radium in the rocks which scientists use for a clock on the earth's ancient past, there.

Even the discharge of the sugar into the blood, have all become quite automatic and unconscious during the millions of years that they have been under development by the forces of evolution.

Men do not have to think about the regulation of the heart-beat or the discharge of the needed sugar from the liver into the blood. All these things are done by the body alone, without troubling the brain at all.

So far do these instinctive reactions go back in the past of the human race and into the animal ancestry that the scientists have not been able to trace them clearly to their first beginning. They are at least a half a billion years, as estimated by the radium in the rocks which scientists use for a clock on the earth's ancient past, there.

Even the discharge of the sugar into the blood, have all become quite automatic and unconscious during the millions of years that they have been under development by the forces of evolution.

Men do not have to think about the regulation of the heart-beat or the discharge of the needed sugar from the liver into the blood. All these things are done by the body alone, without troubling the brain at all.

So far do these instinctive reactions go back in the past of the human race and into the animal ancestry that the scientists have not been able to trace them clearly to their first beginning. They are at least a half a billion years, as estimated by the radium in the rocks which scientists use for a clock on the earth's ancient past, there.

Furious Rage Also Distorts the Features and Stimulates the Brain to Activate Various Organs of the Human Mechanism.

Diagram Showing How a Terrifying Situation Stirs the Blood to Send a Message Through the Nerves to the Adrenal Glands Located Above the Kidneys, Which Causes Them to Release Sugar Into the Blood Stream, and This Stirs the Heart to Beat Faster to Force More Blood Into the Lungs and the Muscles.

were affected in about the same way. Shortly with Dr. S. W. Britton and others, Dr. Cannon recently discovered that the series of bodily events which follows a severe fright or a spell of rage occurs, although in much milder form, as a companion of almost any bodily movement.

If a person rises suddenly from a chair, perhaps merely because some one else has called and without any vestige of fear or anger, there occurs a mild increase of the heart-beat, a small discharge of sugar into the blood, a weak discharge of adrenalin from the adrenal gland and all of the other effects.

It seems that this whole train of events which is begun by emotion may be begun also, although more weakly, by mere exertion.

This suggests a theory which some of the students of evolution have already suspected on other grounds. This is the preparation for flight or combat began when the very simple living creatures of the first days of evolution began to move about in the ancient ocean. Although the very first living creature to exist on earth is not known with any certainty, it is probable that most of the early forms of life did not move by their own efforts.

Some of them merely drifted with the tides and water currents, as many water plants still do. Others fished for food on the sea bottom, as oysters do now, and allowed the currents of water to bring them their food.

The branch of the very ancient animals which was destined to develop into the worms and then the fishes and reptiles, and finally into the higher animals and into man himself, showed its energy very early in the story of evolution. It was the first to begin to move by itself. They could swim; they could crawl; they could wiggle the body back and forth, as some ocean-dwelling worms still do. They had to move, not only to get their own food, but to escape becoming the food of their brothers and sisters.

Any animal, sitting still on a sand bank and waiting for the world to bring him a living, has no great need either for anger or for fear. His emotional life is small. A swimming worm is far more interested in the world. He must be far more active, and he must respond to the world as it comes.

Whether it was in the days of those first moving worms that emotions began or in some later day and in the bodies of some later creatures, there can be no doubt that there is an enormous evolutionary history behind what men and women feel today when they are angry or afraid. There can be no doubt either that the real basis of these emotions is not anything that happens in the brain or in the consciousness, but in the purely automatic chain of events which includes the discharge of adrenalin and the pouring of sugar into the blood. The sweetening of creatures by anger is one of the most ancient facts in the way of life and one of the most significant.

Saved By Her Hair When Her Dancing Partner Accidentally Hurled Her Across The Stage

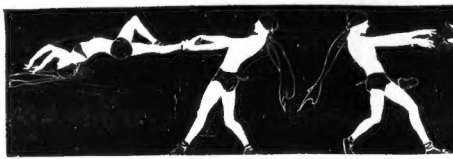


Diagram Showing How Miss Harris's Dancing Partner Hurled Her Against a Pillar When He Accidentally Lost His Hold on Her Ankle. At the Climax of Their Dance in London, Mr. Pierce Whirled His Partner in a Wide Circle, Grasping Only One Slender Ankle. As He Let Go the Young Woman Was Sent Headfirst Against the Pillar and Would Have Been Killed If Her Hair Had Not Cushioned Her Skull, Which Must Otherwise Have Been Crushed.

LONDON, June 4. NOWADAYS a woman with hair unbobbed is a rarity. This is particularly true in the theatre world. When the American dancing team of Pierce (Wesley) and Harris (Hazel) opened at the Holburn Empire for their tour of the Moss music hall, they attracted attention because of two things—the extraordinary nature of their dancing act, and the fact that Miss Harris did not have her hair bobbed.

When she was asked about it, she explained that for years her friends had advised her either to bob or shingle her hair. Outside of the fashion angle, they argued it would help her in her work, give her more freedom of action. For the whirlwind type of acrobatic dancing that Miss Harris and her partner did, long hair was indeed a handicap. Recognizing this, Miss Harris always braided her wealth of hair, and coiled it on one side, wearing an invisible net to keep it in place.

But bob it she wouldn't. When her friends asked her why she was so stubborn about it, Miss Harris would say: "I don't know. I just feel I oughtn't." The other performers on the bill watched the act of the young Americans at the first performance at the Holburn. The Americans were a bit nervous inasmuch as they had never played in Europe before, but they progressed through their act with great success, and

finally were ready for the climax of their offering, a stunt which had done a great deal to get them the coveted Moss tour. It was a thrilling and difficult thing to do.

Pierce took a firm hold of one of Miss Harris' ankles and swung her around by it. At a set moment he would let go the girl's ankle and grasp her hand. There was a split second in which to do this. It required the most perfect timing. If that timing failed, it meant disaster.

Once, in Australia, there had been an accident which had landed Miss Harris in a hospital. One or the other had been either too early or too late in the split second which elapsed from the time the man let go the girl's ankle until he grasped her hand. It was impossible to ascertain whose fault it was.

But the result was that Miss Harris sailed out into the audience, and fell into the laps of several of the patrons. Had her fall not been broken in this way, it might have cost her life. As it was the lucky girl had several stitches taken in her chin, at the hospital, rested up on a few days, and then was ready to go on with her tour.

"We will go on," said Pierce, "but we will leave out this ankle swing trick." "That's the best thing in the act," said Miss Harris. "We can't leave it out."

He tried to argue with her, but she insisted. "We got a lot of carcases," she said. "We'll be more careful in the future."

"Next time, perhaps," he said. "There won't be people to fall on."

"There'll be no next time," she laughed. The tour proceeded, the stunt was left in the act, they did it hundreds of times and nothing happened.

Nothing, until the night of the opening at the Holburn Empire. When they reached the last number, Pierce, as usual, gripped one ankle of his partner and began to whirl her about in a wide circle.

At the first turn the audience broke into applause, which grew in volume with each successive turn. The response from the patrons of the theatre was ample reward for the danger incurred. Faster and faster Pierce whirled Hazel about, grasping only one slender ankle.

He increased the pressure of his hand upon her ankle. This was her cue to stretch forth her hand so that he could grasp it when he let go her ankle. The hand-clapping in the audience stopped and was succeeded by gasps as the man suddenly let go the ankle of the girl. The gasps changed to screams and cries of horror as the people saw him miss the girl's outstretched hand.

Head foremost she sailed across the stage. Even then the audience wasn't sure: wasn't part of the act. Perhaps before she reached the end of the stage, she would turn a somersault and land safely on her feet.

But the flying figure of the dancer struck head first, with a sickening thud against the pillar at the wings. When she landed, the floor lay there in a heap, blood flowing from an ugly wound in her head. Pierce rushed to the spot, picked her up and ran with her to her dressing room.

An hour later, in a ward of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Hazel Harris opened her eyes and looked into the face of a man she knew must be a surgeon. His face was grave but kindly. Things came back to her in a flash.

"Is it all over, doctor?" she whispered. "It would be," the surgeon told her. "You would have been killed instantly

were it not for your hair. When your partner missed his grip on your hand, and you sailed across the stage like a human airplane, you were travelling with considerable momentum. But you happened to strike the pillar with the side of your head upon which your hair was coiled. Your hair, and only your hair, prevented you from fracturing your skull and being killed."

"I always knew I shouldn't have it bobbed," said Miss Harris.

Later, when she was able to sit up, when she was told that no permanent injury would result from the accident at the Empire, she said:

"We're never going to do that trick again. I argued with Wesley to keep it in the act, for he's let go of me twice and here I am intact. But he says no. He says he'll never be able to get out of his mind the feeling he had when he saw me flying like an arrow toward that pillar. So I guess he'll prevail for after all, the responsibility was all his."

But although we're cutting out this dangerous trick in our act, there's one thing I'm going to continue being stubborn about, my hair. I saved my life and I'm going to hold onto it. No bobbing for Hazel Harris, of Pierce & Harris."

Formerly the mile as a unit of measurement satisfied the explorer of celestial spaces. Now that telescopes have grown so large and measuring methods so effective, the mile-unit is altogether inadequate. The "light-year" has taken its place. Six million million miles is the distance light travels in one year. Six million million miles, or one "light-year," is the "yardstick" of the present-day astronomer.

As a measuring unit the mile answered fairly well as long as astronomers were dealing with the planetary system, that group of bodies which moves under the gravitational influence of the sun, which is only ninety-three million miles from the earth. Even in expressing the distance of Neptune, at the outermost limit of the solar system, nearly three billion miles distant, the old unit was not altogether impractical. But when astronomers began working with groups of stars which lie far outside the solar system, the inadequacy of the mile and the uselessness of the light-year, as a unit of measurement, became apparent. Even the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is four and one-third light-years from us, while Rigel, thirty thousand light-years away, is five hundred light-years away.

But vast as these distances are, they are insignificant in comparison with the remoteness of certain spiral nebulae which astronomical research is revealing. "Island universes," these lonely habitations of space are called. Evidence is at hand that they are real. In several hundred thousand of these "universes" exist, each comparable to our own in size, and that many of them are ten million light-years or more away. Thus, as our conception of the universe progressively expands, larger and larger measures are demanded. Already the parsec, the equivalent of a little more than three light-years, twenty million million miles, is in common use among astronomers, while occasionally even the kiloparsec, a thousand parsecs, is heard in current discussion.



Wesley Pierce and Miss Hazel Harris in a Posture Phase of Their Spectacular Dance That Almost Caused the Death of Miss Harris.

Mr. Pierce and Miss Harris, the American Dancers, in Another Pose.

Pushing Back the Boundaries of Space

THE boundaries of the universe visible to man have gradually been forced back. Photographic records are now being made of moons, suns and

nebulae within a radius of one hundred and forty million light years.

Recently Dr. Edwin Hubble, at Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, has been able to bring within the vision of man realms of space never before encountered.

It is now declared that with improved photographic plates and larger telescopes, astronomers will be able to push even these limits farther back. In fact, he declares, with improvements believed to be thoroughly practicable, it may be possible to detect exceptionally brilliant nebulae at a distance of a thousand million light years and to photograph them with the assistance of light that started on its journey when the earth itself was young.

In observing these nebulae, Doctor Hubble recently said in a special review of the present progress made, "we are witnessing scenes and events which actually occurred in past geologic ages."

It has been aptly suggested that the photographic records of these faintly visible universes at the uttermost limits of observable space which Doctor Hubble is obtaining, are as truly fossils as are the eggs of dinosaurs, the bones of mastodons, and the relics of ancient trees and plants which the geologist and the paleontologist are revealing. Indeed, it is not impossible that since the light which is just arriving from some of these far-away worlds started on its age-long journey through space, the worlds themselves may have suffered cataclysmic disaster and been completely dissolved.

Man has left written records of himself which carry us back 5,000 years. Beyond this there is a period of about 800,000 years during which he left traces of his existence in the form of carvings, paintings and crude implements. Back of this the fossils of the earth will carry the investigator along a trail of life that can be followed for perhaps one hundred million years. At this point in time the scientific stands before the veil that hides from him the beginning of life on the earth.

pushing back the boundaries of space. Now that telescopes have grown so large and measuring methods so effective, the mile-unit is altogether inadequate. The "light-year" has taken its place. Six million million miles is the distance light travels in one year. Six million million miles, or one "light-year," is the "yardstick" of the present-day astronomer.

As a measuring unit the mile answered fairly well as long as astronomers were dealing with the planetary system, that group of bodies which moves under the gravitational influence of the sun, which is only ninety-three million miles from the earth. Even in expressing the distance of Neptune, at the outermost limit of the solar system, nearly three billion miles distant, the old unit was not altogether impractical. But when astronomers began working with groups of stars which lie far outside the solar system, the inadequacy of the mile and the uselessness of the light-year, as a unit of measurement, became apparent. Even the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is four and one-third light-years from us, while Rigel, thirty thousand light-years away, is five hundred light-years away.

But vast as these distances are, they are insignificant in comparison with the remoteness of certain spiral nebulae which astronomical research is revealing. "Island universes," these lonely habitations of space are called. Evidence is at hand that they are real. In several hundred thousand of these "universes" exist, each comparable to our own in size, and that many of them are ten million light-years or more away. Thus, as our conception of the universe progressively expands, larger and larger measures are demanded. Already the parsec, the equivalent of a little more than three light-years, twenty million million miles, is in common use among astronomers, while occasionally even the kiloparsec, a thousand parsecs, is heard in current discussion.

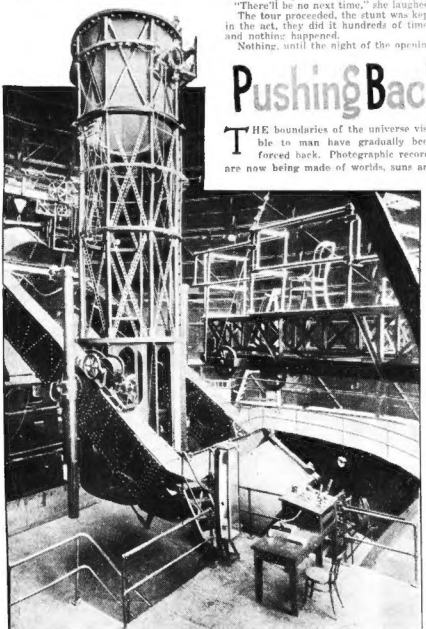
Character in Your Smile

THE human face is a machine with many dials on it, each one telling a story of what is going on in the mind of which the brain is the center. The shape of the head tells a story, the conformation of the lips tells another, the shape of the nose another, the expression of the eyes is revealing. A practical psychologist, looking upon a sleeping face and studying the features, could offer a true analysis of the character of the person.

Even one's smile is self-revealing. The manner of a person's laughing is fixed by the time one is eighteen, and does not change until old age. Psychologists have studied and classified laughs.

The best laugh is the Frenchman goes with a smiling face, twinkling eyes and is complete, not checked or smothered. Those who laugh like that are to be trusted. They are generous, sympathetic and make loyal friends. Those who laugh in their throats, in spasmodic fashion, and keep their faces almost unaltered, are shrewd, cautious and not over-credulous.

Those who are "inside laughers," and whose shoulders shake, are good-natured, and make excellent husbands and fathers. Those who laugh without smiling, and hold their lips rigidly, are hard-hearted and cruel. Contrary to general belief, those who laugh but rarely, and then happily, with eyes, lips and face in harmony, are steady, reliable, bi-hearted and big-brained.



The 100-inch Hooker Telescope at the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution—the Most Powerful Telescope Yet Constructed.

Rev. Dr. Finney Awards Prizes in Heaven In His Endurance Prayer Contest

OUTSIDE of the State of Kentucky, of which it is a small and homely township, West Hickman is practically unknown. But it threatens to come out of its obscurity, due to the efforts of the Rev. W. G. Finney, of the Church of God, of West Hickman, who has set out to make West Hickman the champion American town in one respect. His idea is to make West Hickman the praiseworthy town in the United States.

For that purpose the Rev. Dr. Finney has inaugurated a strange contest—a praying contest. The honors promised are spiritual, not material. The prizes, if any are awarded at all, must be in heaven. When he announced the contest it was the idea of the minister of the Church of God to have other denominations of the city enter and thus get all the churches of the city in the praying marathon. Later he hoped to get all the churches in the state interested and get all the churches in those towns to praying, and thus bring finally all the towns in the state into the contest. The other denom-

inations of Hickman, however, have not entered into the contest, but the Church of God, undaunted, has gone right ahead.

After the praying contest was launched in his home town, Rev. Finney went to Mt. Carmel, Illinois, and launched a similar contest there in the Church of God. The Church of God of Cairo, Illinois, is likewise planning a test of praying endurance.

When the devotional competition was first staged, Rev. Finney set a goal of 100 hours for the Church of God for the first week. That goal was reached easily. The second week the hours were raised to 120, the third week to 140. The fourth week the goal was set at 160 hours and the contestants reached 164 hours, at which his mark they decided to let it stand for a while.

This number of hours might not sound so enormous if the church had a tremendous membership, but it has not. It has an average each Sunday of from 150 to 160 people, of which only about sixty are active members.

Most of these are hard working people, people of the laboring classes, working in the mines, and many of them must be some sacrifice on their part to pray as many hours as they have set.

To determine how much time is spent praying daily, and knowing that prayer must be offered just a few minutes at a time during the day, a careful record is being kept by the church members. Each member makes note of the different times he or she prays daily and the number of minutes each time and at the end of the week a report is made by the members and the time is added up.

On Sundays the members pray in relays, bringing

their lunches to church to afford them an endurance with them.

The Church of God when first built two years ago was small, but adequate

for its congregation. With the inauguration of the praying contest it became necessary last December to almost double the size of the church.

If 54 members pray 164 hours a week, that is an average of 3 hours daily, yet this little congregation has reached the number of hours and may yet go higher.



The Contestants in Dr. Finney's Remarkable Religious Competition, the Winners of Which Were Offered Prizes (in Heaven).

The Sibyl's Cave

Searching for Relics of the Ancient Prophetess, Who Foretold the Rise of Rome and the Coming of Christ



How the Ancient Romans, Who Sought to Know the Future, Approached the Sibyl in Her Cave at Cumae. Aeneas, the Founder of Rome, Came to Her in This Way After the Fall of Troy, as Described by Virgil. From Picture by A. Castaigne.

AN important part of the tremendous programme of public work inaugurated by Premier Mussolini of Italy is the excavation of the ruins of ancient Cumae and the exploration of the famous "Cave of the Cumaean Sibyl" situated at that place.

One of the first discoveries made at the cave was a large shell-shaped horn through which the Sibyl used to utter her remarkable prophecies.

"This," says Prof. Maiuri, "was the Sibyl's loudspeaker, which she used to megaphone oracles from the fateful cave."

The Cumaean Sibyl is one of the most impressive and mysterious figures of ancient history. She is credited with having predicted the greatness of Rome and the coming of Christ.

The great Virgil in the "Aeneid" describes the marvellous visit of Aeneas to the Cumaean Sibyl, who tells him to dare to venture into the infernal regions, or world of the dead, there to consult the great men of his race. The Sibyl says to him:

"Wars, horrid wars, I see, and Tiber foaming with torrents of blood. Yield not to your troubles, but march more boldly to meet them, in the path your fortune shall permit you."

The lower regions were entered from a point near the Sibyl's grotto and she accompanied Aeneas on his journey, which to many seems to bear a strange resemblance to Christ's descent into hell.

Among the departed heroes to whom the Sibyl leads Aeneas is his father, Anchises, who makes him a discourse on the greatness of the Roman Empire he will found, in the course of which occurs this remarkable passage (Aeneid Book VI):

"Observe, my son he (Romulus) shall found his empire by earth, her pride by heaven, and, one within herself, encompass within her wall seven embattled heights, best in her line of heroes."

In another work, the *Georgics*, by Virgil, there is a passage which indicates that the lost books of the Cumaean Sibyl contained an extraordinary prophecy of the coming of Christ and the reign of Christianity. It must be remembered that this was written long before the Saviour's birth.

"Now has come the latest age of the Cumaean hymn; the mighty line of cycles begins its round anew."

"Now a new generation of men is sent down from the height of Heaven. Only be thou gracious to the iron brood shall first begin to fall, and the golden race to arise in the world."

"He shall receive the life of the gods, and see heroes mingled with gods, and shall himself be seen by them, and with his father's virtues shall rule a reconciled world."

The celebrated books of the Sibyl were acquired from her in a very curious manner by Tarquin, the early Roman king, and were for centuries bound up with the



Painted Vases in Early Italian Style From the Sibyl's Cave.

greatness of Rome and all the strange events of her history. It is, therefore, believed that to learn more about the Sibyl will be an incentive to the modern greatness of Italy.

King Victor Emmanuel, accompanied by Premier Mussolini, has made a tour of inspection of the various great works under way between Rome and Naples, including those at Cumae, which is twelve miles from the latter city, on the coast of Campania.

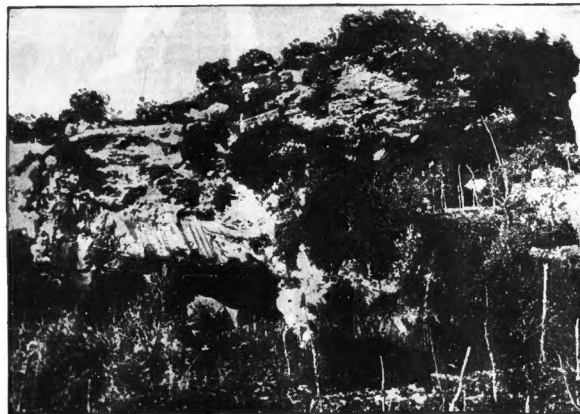
Cumae was one of the earliest Greek settlements in southern Italy and a centre of civilization. It is said that the Romans learned their alphabet from Cumae. According to legends, the Sibylline books were taken to Cumae from Greece as long ago as 1050 B. C. Settlers from Cumae founded Naples and other ancient cities of southern Italy of Greek origin.

There are at Cumae ruins of a great amphitheatre and many temples and palaces. The excavation of these buildings, together with the opening up of the mysterious Cave of the Sibyl will make Cumae fully as great a source of interest as Pompeii.

The Sibyl was a prophetess who foretold the future and gave oracular advice to those who sought it. She spoke, as a rule, only to those who brought satisfactory presents. Apparently the Sibyl lived for ages, and it is therefore assumed that when one occupant of the office died or became too old for the position she was secretly replaced by a younger woman. All this was done under the direction of the priests of a neighboring temple. Her name was usually given as



A Noted Conception of the Cumaean Sibyl Carrying the Books, Which She Afterward Sold to King Tarquin. From the Painting by Elihu Vedder.



Entrance to the Famous Cave of the Sibyl at Cumae, Which Is Now Being Explored Further by Premier Mussolini's Orders.

Amalthea, Apollo was the god who inspired prophecy. The Cumaean Sibyl was perhaps the most famous of her class. She has been made familiar by the visit of Aeneas, as related in the sixth book of Virgil's "Aeneid." Virgil thus describes the cave in which she resided:

"Excelsum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum Quo lat decussat aditus centum, ostia centum; Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllae."

This means: "The huge flank of the Euboean cliff is hollowed out into a cave with a hundred entrances and a hundred doors, whence the Sibyl returns a response to every question."

During the period of Roman supremacy Cumae was regarded as a place of great interest, especially on account of the Sibyl's cave. Justin Martyr, who visited the cave in the middle of the second century, describes it as a great portico carved by human hands and communicating with an obscure grotto, from which

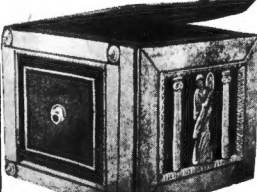
the utterances of the Sibyl issued. This portico was destroyed during the reign of Cumae by Narces in the reign of Justinian.

Recent investigation in recent years has succeeded in unearthing the famous cave or grotto of the Sibyl, which was for a long time lost.

It is easy to understand how a man with a troubled mind coming to seek the Sibyl's advice in his distress would have been awed by these surroundings.

The cave has two main entrances, one of which rises near the famous Lake Avernus. The latter entrance was also fabled by the ancients to give access to the infernal regions. It was the throne of unhappy spirits from these regions whom the Sibyl addressed when she exclaimed, as recorded in the "Aeneid": "Proci, O proci! est profani."

Probably the association of this cave with the infernal regions was due to some subterranean connection with a volcanic centre, which caused sulphurous fumes to flow through this opening. It was also surmised that these fumes may have played some part in producing the delirious ravings of the prophetess.



Very Ancient Jewel Case of Wood and Ivory Found in the Cave and Eventually an Offering to the Sibyl.

Within the cave the excavators found an astonishing wealth of ancient treasures, many doubtless brought there as offerings to the Sibyl. Among them were a beautiful gold necklace bearing representations of the Koros, or daughters of Rhea, and two of the winged Sirens, his daughters. This necklace belonged to the Mycenaean period, which preceded in Greece what we generally regard as Greek civilization. Its presence here is somewhat of a mystery, and indicates the immense antiquity of the Sibylline cave.

Other objects found were a casket of jewels made of wood and ivory and a magnificent terra-cotta frieze representing the Gorgon Medusa, with two figures in Oriental costume. A high relief made of terra-cotta represents Silenus in a state of intoxication embracing Eros, both preceded by a Burchard. Another relief shows Bacchus coming home from an all-night orgy and a satyr guiding him with a torch. An elaborate and beautiful gold clasp pin had evidently been worn as a brooch by a lady of high rank. There were also some Italian vases bearing figures and scenes painted with exquisite art. A vast quantity of other precious objects doubtless still lie buried in the soil on the floor of the cave, which has accumulated for ages.

The most famous legend connected with the Sibyl relates that she offered to King Tarquin the Proud, in the very early days of Roman history, the nine books of prophecy foretelling the history of his race and rule. The King wanted them, but considered the price too high. When he had thought the matter over, he decided, after twelve months, to take them, but he found that she had destroyed three and wanted as much for the six as she had for the nine.

The King was indignant at this apparent extortion and went away again. Once more he thought the matter over for twelve months and decided that he must have these prophecies at any price. Now

How the Old Romans in Times of Great Public Danger Consulted the Famous Books of the Sibyl, Which Were Kept in the Temple of Jupiter at Rome, Whence They Had Been Taken From Cumae. From Painting by A. Castaigne.

he found that she had destroyed three more, but he willingly paid the price of the original nine, because he knew that if he waited again there would be none left. After that, it is said, the Sibyl herself disappeared.

Near the cave stands the hill which was once the acropolis of Cumae, the site of all its most splendid buildings. The principal remains on this spot are the amphitheatre and the Temple of the Giants.

The Sibylline books were preserved in a subterranean chamber of the Roman Temple of Jupiter, on the Capitoline hill, and were originally confined to two officials (duumviri sacrorum) appointed by the Senate, who alone had the right to inspect them. The number of keepers was afterward increased to ten (decemviri), and finally by Sulla to fifteen (quindemviri).

In the year 53 B. C. the Temple of Jupiter, having been consumed by fire, the original Sibylline books or leaves were destroyed, whereupon a special embassy was dispatched by the Senate to all the cities of Greece, Italy and Asia Minor to collect such as were current in those regions.

The new collection of about a thousand lines was deposited in the rebuilt Temple of Jupiter, but was transferred in 12 B. C. by Augustus as pontifex to the Temple of Apollo, on the Palatine, where it remained until it was publicly burned by Stilicho, the Roman general, between 404 and 408 B. C.

The Roman officials, by order of the Senate, always consulted the Sibylline books in order to discover the religious observances necessary to avert extraordinary calamities (plague, pestilence, fire, etc.), and to expiate prodigies where the national deities were unable or unwilling to help.

Only the interpretation of the oracular verse that was referred to the Senate in emergency was made public, not the words of the Sibyl.

Quite distinct are the fourteen books of so-called Sibylline Oracles in Greek hexameters (over 1,000 lines), a series of prophecies written by Alexandrian Jews and Christians, in the interests of their faith, and supposed to date from the second century B. C. down to the third century A. D., or, according to Ewald, the Biblical critic, even to the sixth.

The origin and significance of many passages have caused a fierce discussion, but beyond doubt many are Jewish and pre-Christian; others are plainly Christian.

One passage in the eighth book (217-250) touched powerfully the imagination of that Christian world. This passage is written apocryphally, like all the Sibylline verses of Rome, the initials forming the Greek words of "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour, Cross." It is alluded to in the De Civitate of St. Augustine, and we find it again in the solemn "Sequences" of Thomas of Colano.

The Sibyl was immortalized in medieval art in masterpieces by Giotto, Michelangelo and Raphael. Almost everybody is familiar with Raphael's wonderful conception of the Sibyl in his fresco of the Vatican.

If She Doesn't Like Pajamas

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From
the Studios of the Most Distinguished
French Dress Creators,
Drawn by Soulie,
the Foremost
Fashion
Artist
of Paris

This Julie Morand Model. Taken From a Man's Dressing Gown, Is in Printed Crepe de Chine in Tones of Blue and Grey. Lined With Plain Blue, Which Makes the Turn-over Shawl Collar, the Turn-back Cuffs and the Handkerchief Belt. The Gown Is Very Light, Easily Folded and Good for Traveling.

IN recent years many women have adopted pajamas as a lounging dress; but it would be a safe bet that the advocates of the old-fashioned negligee still outnumber the pajama a thousand to one. This informal garment is so becoming to the majority of women, and can be interpreted in so many different ways, that it is no wonder it holds an important place in feminine affections. Pajamas, on the contrary, are like the little girl with her card. When they are becoming they are very, very good, but when they aren't becoming they are horrid.

The loveliest negligees in the world come from Paris and, of late years, in astonishing variety. The types are as varied as the names the French have found for them. There is the peignoir, which one might translate as "dressing gown," a strictly utilitarian affair, worn while attending to such humdrum necessities as brushing one's teeth.

Its material may be as homely as its use—Turkish towelling or flannel—or it may be something amusing, like a printed lining, as a costume originally intended for furniture. If it is for a woman who likes luxury in all her appointments, it may be in satin, broche, taffeta or some such rich material, though silken fabrics seem hardly appropriate to such occasions.

If its owner likes her appointments to have a masculine character, she may choose as a model for this peignoir her husband's dressing gown, with its breast pocket, rolled-over revers and turned-back cuffs.

There is an example from Julie Morand in a printed crepe de chine, in tones of grey and blue, sketched above by Soulie. This type is sometimes made of the old toile de Jouy, or linen, which is printed with personages all in one color on a white or cream ground and lined with the same colored linen, or with taffeta, if one likes when lining. The usual colors of these old printed linens are rose, blue, mauve or brown—all good dressing-gown colors, and it is smart to choose one which matches the coloring of one's bedroom.

After the peignoir comes the deshabille, which we might translate, oddly enough, by employing that other French word, "negligee." A French woman is never heard to call her dressing gown a negligee, by the way, but that is the sort of thing that always happens when one plays about with foreign languages. The deshabille may be simple or gorgeous, just as one likes. There is a sketch of one, from Rosa Pinchon, in yellow satin, with its border lightly wadded and quilted in an old Italian design. And there is another even more feminine one, from Julie Morand, in rose pink georgette, trimmed with cream-colored lace, with ribbons and little plaids, and full lace sleeve ruffles, and everything that the heart of this womanly woman

Of the Peignoir Type in Its Cut, but Belonging to the Negligee Class on Account of Its Material, This Rosa Pinchon Model Is Made of a Lovely Shade of Yellow Satin. The Borders Are Lightly Wadded and Made in a Darker Shade of Yellow, and Then Quilted in an Elaborate Old Italian Design.

can desire in such a garment. These negligees, in spite of their beautiful materials and lace trimmings, are still intended for wear in the bedroom itself. Lounging clothes for wearing in the drawing-room—per-

A Tea Gown, or Robe d'Interieur Type, Which Is Worn at Home for an Informal Dinner, or Perhaps at Tea Time in One's Own House When One Receives a Few Friends. The Sleeveless Coat Is of Gold Lame With Pointed Fringes of Pink Beads. Model by Jenny.

haps for tea or for an informal home dinner—are different from deshabilles, and come into what the English call the tea-gown class. The French name for them is robes d'interieur, or gowns for wearing at home. Nowadays, pajamas of silk and satins, with splendid embroideries and barbaric colorings, are often worn in Paris instead of tea-gowns, but the more feminine garment has its advocates, too. It is supposed to be smart to choose pajamas, but many women would rather be dressed becomingly than smartly, and there is no denying that pajamas take a good deal of wearing.

An example of a very modern tea-gown; or robe d'interieur, from Jenny, is sketched by Soulie. It is worn on the Paris stage at this moment by that lively Roumanian actress, Mile. Elvire Popesco, who has won fame in Paris for her very individual acting. She belongs to the whirlwind school, and as she flies about the stage her gold coat glitters and her pink head fringes dance, and she is liveness personified. There is very little difference sometimes between the robe d'interieur and the evening gown, but the former is usually easier to get into. In the sketch, the open gold coat is worn over a frock of pale rose crepe georgette, matching the bead fringes. This has a plain, straight bodice and a plaited skirt. On the shoulder of the gold coat is perched a huge pink chiffon rose, and another

A Classic Color Scheme of Pale Rose Pink and Coffee-Colored Lace. The Dress Is Straight, and Something Like a Coat Open in Front Over a Crossed-over Lace Slip. The Borders of the Crepe Coat Are Finished With a Tucked Band of the Crepe, and the Whole Is Tied With Pale Pink Satin Ribbons. The Sleeves Have Wide Lace Ruffles Set in Just About at the Elbow. By Julie Morand.

bobbs at the hem on the right side. Gold slippers and flesh-colored stockings were worn with this handsome gown.

An amusing sandal from Perugia is also sketched. This is worn with the dressing gown, or on the beach with bathing suit or beach pajamas. It is made of light brown leather, with a heel of medium height, and an arrangement of straps that leaves the toes bare. Spinnelly, the Parisian actress, wears it on the stage with her pajamas, and as her toes are as delicately manicured as her fingers, and delightfully rosy, the effect is very pretty.

As to the coloring of these lounging robes, there are two definite schools. One which might be called the "pretty-pretty," favors the pastel shades, pale pink, sky blue, mauve, or faint yellow. These are the lace-trimmed varieties, which are almost like fine underclothing, though they may be simpler and trimmer in line and still retain their lingerie shades. The other school is stronger and richer. Here one finds the grass green, vivid orange, strong yellow, sapphire blue, or scarlet which some women love to revel in, after having worn black and neutral colors during the greater part of the day. Combinations of royal purple and cerise have their place in some of these gorgeous robes. Women who would not dare put on a brilliant shade for the street, and hesitate even about frank colors in the evening, seize with delight the opportunity to indulge their color sense in such as these robes d'interieur.

But clever women suit their lounging robes to the rooms in which they will wear them; otherwise the shock to sensitive people may be severe. Modernistic negligees in a modern setting, and Oriental robes in an Eastern one, give that sense of the real fitness of things which is the guiding dress principle of the smart woman's life.

Wealth and Romantic Adventures Brought

Mrs. Catherine Stuart, Who Married an Indian Favorite Wife in a Turbans Married a Wealthy Why Defiance Conventional Soc



Mrs. Catherine Stuart, Wearing the Yashmak, or Veil, While She Was the Favorite Wife of Dolpey Bey in His Harem in Constantinople.

By Catherine Stuart

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

© 1927, by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

WHEN a girl breaks out of the gray life of respectability, with its depressing restrictions on her personal freedom, as I had done, to enjoy the free, unrestrained life of the woman who does as she pleases, that girl must expect startling adventures, problems and probably troubles—and she gets them.

But in the back of her mind is the comforting belief that if things get too hot for her she can always step back into the old, dull safety like a nun returning to her convent. That was my frame of mind and intention after my shattered romance with the Viscount Raoul. But I was to learn that one cannot escape the lurid life so easily.

As I journeyed from Paris to Cairo, disillusioned and heartbroken by the Viscount's betrayal, I made a great resolve. Never again would I be taken in by one of those polished and perfect lovers, those adroit flatterers, who always say the right thing and keep a woman's vanity on edge. To achieve such skill, I now realized, means that a man must have had so much practice with women that woman is an old story to him, and a drab one. She is no longer a thrill and a mystery, but just a habit—and a bad habit at that.

Also I thought there would be no more unconventional love adventures, so deliciously sweet at the start and so bitter in the end. There would be no more adventures at all. I would now settle down to the decent gray life as soon as I found the right gray-eyed countryman. I have more or less justly earned the jealous fury of both men and women who would not have surprised me if they had put a bullet or knife into me. But who would have dreamed that in the strange city of Cairo an absolutely strange man who had never heard of me would do this best to murder me, and almost succeed?

I was to visit my old friend, Mrs. Neveson, whose husband was engaged in some big engineering contracts with the Egyptian Government. They were both, like myself, English.

I found Cairo a welcome relief from Paris. My friend had a suite at Shepherd's Hotel, and had already reserved rooms for me. I was trying to sponge from my mind Raoul and all that he stood for, and determined in future to give impressionable males a wide berth.

Cairo was new. The quaint Eastern atmosphere intrigued me immensely—and on the several occasions during which we made trips out into the desert I felt at last that I might find peace of mind and contentment. I was behaving as demurely as a school teacher on an outing, when, without warning, came grim and dreadful adventure.

My friend, Mrs. Neveson, and her husband had suggested one evening that I might like to visit an

Arab theatre in the Mousky or Arab, quarter. I eagerly agreed, and it was arranged that we should visit a theatre called the Majestic, where nude dancing girls went through all the peculiar gyrations which stand for the Terpsichorean art east of Suez.

There is no sensible reason why it should be wicked or interesting for women to watch others of their sex dance unclothed. It isn't for the Oriental woman, and would not be for the Anglo-Saxon only that we have been trained to think it is wrong, and with the Puritan's notion that anything wrong must be at least pleasant. It is the same thing that in New York causes respectable women to pay crazy prices to see a dull play just because some actor shouts a few disgusting epithets, which on the street make her very angry when she hears a truck driver utter them free of charge. So I, a respectable woman (painfully so at that time), was keen to view the silly sight.

The performance did not start until nearly midnight, and as we pushed our way in among the hundreds of burnoused Arabs seated on the floor I felt at once that peculiar sense of subtle evil which one always feels in the presence of Asiatics in great numbers. All those people had one thought in common, as they always have—when will Allah show them the way, with their superior numbers, to take the world away from the white man? They will try to do it soon enough. But it won't be Allah so much as Russia who will show them the way.

We found that a sort of cubicle had been reserved for us, cut off from the rest of the audience. We had hardly seated ourselves before the orchestra, if it can be called such, struck up a weird sort of dirge and the curtain which screened the miniature stage was drawn back, revealing a dozen totally unclothed girls, going through a sort of snake dance. Their arms and legs were covered with diamond bangles, or what looked like diamonds, which glinted and glistened in the half light.

My attention, however, was distracted from this weird performance by a horribly deformed man who would fix his gaze on me. By an effort of will I tried to disregard him, but every time I looked in his direction I found his hollow eyes, burning from his parchment-like skin, fixed upon me. There was something so evil in his stare that I shuddered involuntarily and drew closer to my friend.

Just as I made up my mind that I could not stand it any longer and was about to ask to be taken home, the deformed monster gave me a last murderous look and disappeared, to my deep relief. A few moments later, however, two long, naked arms stretched through the back draperies of our cubicle and a pair of dirty but sinewy hands closed on my throat, shutting off my breath before I could scream. Mr. and Mrs. Neveson sat in front of me, oblivious of the death struggle that was going on behind them.



Aeroplane in Which Mrs. Stuart Made Her Romantic Trip from Cairo to Constantinople.



Snapshots of Mrs. Stuart While She Was in Constantinople.

Mrs. Stuart Leaving the Aeroplane After Her Journey to Constantinople.

At first I tried in vain to loosen the grip and then to touch one of my companions. By that time it was too late; I had been dragged too far backward. I drummed on the floor with my feet, but this was not noticed in the noise of the performance. With my last consciousness, as I was being dragged under the draperies, I managed to kick Mr. Neveson's elbow, and he looked around.

When I recovered consciousness Mrs. Neveson was attending to me, and her husband had already attended to the hunchback, whose hands he had seized and drawn in. The Englishman sat on the Arab, occasionally thumping him when he made any sounds, until I was strong enough to go out. Then Neveson marched his prisoner right through that hostile audience, threw him into our car and took us all to the Cairo chief of police—a British officer. The man was closely cross-examined and eventually confessed that he had meant to murder me because several months before another white woman, who must have been my double, had run him down in her car and been the cause of his present deformity. He had, of course, mistaken me for this woman. Later I heard he had been sent to prison for fifteen years.

After that experience I left the low class Mohammedan strictly alone, but a very high class one, a prince of that country, was soon to give me an adventure which came equally near ending in tragedy. He was a millionaire, and as his wife, or even his mistress, I would have been one of the most envied women in Egypt, in some circles.

I first met His Highness Prince Mehmet at a diplomatic function given by General Allenby at the British Residency—now Embassy—in Cairo. Although it was a magnificent and distinguished gathering, His Highness Prince Mehmet easily stood out as the most magnificent figure there. Tall, with the swarthy skin of the Arab, and wearing numerous decorations and orders, he presented a figure any girl might have admired—but for his color. Mr. Neveson knew him well and taking me by the arm led me up to him.

"Say, Prince, I want you to meet a friend of mine," he said.

His Highness bowed over my hand and then slipped into easy conversation. Having been educated at Eton and Cambridge he was a brilliant talker, and it is not to be wondered that I fell under his spell and it might have led to love.

I admit I was not a little proud to be taken into

I HAVE had almost everything the world can offer in the way of yachts, jewels, wealth and power, as well as romantic adventures. I have been the wife of an Indian prince, the favorite wife in a Turkish harem, the wife of a wealthy Spaniard and of an Englishman. In short, I lived the kind of life that I know many young women of high principle, at times yearn to live.

supper on the arm of such a distinguished companion. The next day at a polo match I met Prince Mehmet again, and over tea he suggested that I might like to take a trip up the Nile on his own private yacht—"alone," he added, looking at me with his great dark eyes.

That was a blunder. He may have made investigations and learned that I had lived with Raoul unconventionally and been divorced for it. As a Prince far outranks a Viscount, I should logically have no objection to a little unchaperoned trip with him. What he did not know was that I was in a reformed and strictly conventional frame of mind. Also, he was crowding me and taking me for granted, which almost any sort of woman resents and combats.

Yes, I have heard of successful cave-man tactics, but in my opinion that is a myth. The way to win a woman is to convince her that you want her terrifically, but that, of course, she is too good to do anything unconventional. Put her in that happy position, give her enough rope of flattery, and presently she will quite likely hang herself around your neck. If this does not happen you may be quite certain that you never would have captured her with rough and hasty methods.

At once I changed the topic of conversation, and he did not refer to it again. That night I lay in bed awake, thinking of the Prince—and I had to admit to myself that was strangely attracted toward him, but would not be taken for granted. Eventually I agreed to join a party on his yacht for a three-day trip.

I told my friends that the Prince had invited me to a party on his yacht, and that day the Prince's own motor conveyed me down to the landing stage alongside which Khama, his yacht was moored. Hardly had I gone on board and been greeted by my host, however, than the yacht steamed slowly out into the river.

Eagerly I followed His Highness as he showed me over his craft. "How delightful," I said, "but where do we pick up your other friends?" "Other friends?" He looked puzzled.

"Yes."

"You would not have me spoil our little trip together would you?" he smiled meaningly.

I then realized that I had been deceived on the yacht and that I was alone with my fascinating host.

Of course, I promptly demanded to be set ashore, but His Highness only smiled and quoted some Oriental poet to the effect that when an Arab wants a woman, he just takes her. And so the Prince's night, steamed up the glorious moon-lit Nile that night, was a romantic man in romantic surroundings to have won me, but he had challenged me made me angry and roused every fighting instinct, made up my mind that he would not win.

Dinner that night in the luxurious saloon of the yacht was a meal such as only could be prepared for an Eastern Potentate. Although we were both correctly turned out in Western clothes, the service was native dress, and the dishes which were before us were spicy and Egyptian. There was, for me, but my host drank water only. Being a devout Moslem, he was a devout prohibitionist. To have taken a sip of wine would have been wicked and ruined his chances of Paradise and the Hours, but apparently there was nothing in the Koran against taking advantage of a helpless woman, especially if she was not a "true believer."

During dinner Prince Mehmet exerted himself to be as entertaining as possible, and so witty was he that I was eventually lulled into a sense of false security, and quite forgot the unconventionality of our companionship. After dinner we adjourned to deck chairs under the awning on the stern deck, and excellent Egyptian coffee and cigarettes were served by Izak, Prince Mehmet's own personal servant, of whose devilry I was to learn later.

"Don't you think our Egyptian night wonderful?" asked the Prince.

I glanced out over the waters, at the dim bank



Mrs. Stuart Outside the Door of the American House in Constantinople, Where She Was Hidden After Her Escape from Her Husband's Harem.

Her Only Misery

Prince, Then Became the Turkish Harem and Next by Spaniard, Explains of the Rules of Society Brings Disaster

I attempted to escape from the gray life of conventional society and seek the new "freedom" and "self-expression" which the modern woman has so much to say about. My wretched experiences and disasters were the inevitable consequences of my folly in emancipating myself from the wholesome social rules which no woman can successfully defy.

slipping slowly past with waving palms in the distance. Occasionally the cry of a night bird broke the stillness.

"Yes, I think it gorgeous," I cried, sipping my coffee and pulling at my cigarette.

"What a night for . . . love!" murmured Prince Mehmet almost inaudibly, yet I felt sure he meant me to hear it.

I shifted uneasily in my chair. Suddenly I felt a hand on mine and looking up saw the Prince looking eagerly into my face.

"You are very beautiful," he breathed.

I tried to change the conversation but it was useless. I rose to my feet—hoping to bring this scene to a close but he caught me in his arms and in spite of my struggles pressed his hot lips to mine. Struggling further I eventually managed to wriggle from his grasp and ran along the deck and down the companion way. Hurriedly I sought my cabin, entered, and locked the door after me. I then sank crimson-faced and almost in tears on to my bed-berth. For a moment I talked aloud to myself of what I would do and say about this outrage. Then I thought I heard a chuckle and looking up, saw a face in the mirror. Springing to my feet, I found Izak Habid, the Prince's servant sitting in a chair, watching me with an evil smile.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded.

"His Highness' orders," said the grinning Arab. "Get out!"

"Sorry, but I can't," he cheerfully replied. "Servant must obey master."

I looked at him in despair a moment and then remembered a little emergency chaparron which I had brought with me and almost forgotten.

"Not even for money—much money?" I suggested rising and going to one of my bags. An expression of pain crossed Habid's sallow features but he looked at the door and shook his head sadly. However, his greedy eyes followed my hands as I unlocked the bag and whisked out, not the expected gold, but a little revolver which I pointed at him.

"Now will you get out?" I asked in a low voice, in case the Prince might be listening outside. Habid's face turned the sickly shade that an Arab's takes on when the true believer sees danger of being on his way to Paradise, and he spoke right up:

"Yes, Lady, I go now," and he did. I heard his feet flying down the passage.

All that night I sat up, my revolver on my knee. Once Prince Mehmet knocked at my door, and finding that I refused to open it, tried to force the lock. Raising my pistol, I put a shot through the panel. His Highness retreated calling down on me the wrath of Allah. When I saw the Prince next day his arm was in a sling—my shot had plugged him. I might just as well have killed him.

Early next morning I went on deck and soon afterwards Prince Mehmet in immaculate whites, came towards me. For safety's sake I still carried the little chaparron in my hand.

"I want to apologize," began the Prince.

"It is unnecessary," I replied, "you must land me today or—I tapped my pistol.

"Land you here?" he queried.

"I looked towards the shore. Only miles and miles sandy desert met my gaze.

"Well, return to Cairo at once," I replied.

"Very well, I will give the necessary orders," Prince Mehmet murmured, then added, "won't you in me at breakfast and let us forget . . . last night?"

"Will you promise not to . . ."

"Yes, I promise," he said meekly.

That night we arrived back in Cairo and I returned to Shephard's, but did not breathe a word of what had happened to the Nevecons. That same day a gorgeous bouquet of roses arrived at the hotel for me bearing Prince Mehmet's card. Later he called to see me and on his knees begged me for my love. That is what he should have done in the first place but it was too late now. He was puzzled and explained that he had been informed that all European women loved to read "sheik" stories.

"Yes," I replied, "and men like to read crime and detective stories but that does not mean that they welcome the visit of a burglar."

One day there dined with the Nevecons a charming

ing Turk, M. Dolpey Bey, a very rich and powerful politician, who was secretly a right hand man of Mustapha Kemal. He was so thoroughly advanced and modernized that we did not hesitate to chaff him about that curious old institution, the Turkish harem, but found to our embarrassment that Dolpey Bey had one himself. As he sketched it, harem life seemed a perfect haven of care-free bliss, and so it is in many ways.

After dinner we all went along to the ballroom, where an Eastern Ball was in progress. Mr. and Mrs. Nevecon at once took the floor and in answer to Dolpey Bey's unspoken query I also took the floor as his partner.

When the dance was over I purposely suggested that we should sit out on the balcony. My Turkish partner agreed, and followed me to a secluded corner. When he had fetched ices I could not resist asking more information on the harem. He gave me details in a delightful personal way, as if I were a harem wife.

"Yes, indeed," he would say, "you would go out on the street, veiled of course, and properly guarded as treasures should be guarded, etc., etc." Next morning I had a surprise. Mr. Nevecon announced that he was leaving at once for Constantinople on important business, accompanied by Dolpey Bey—by aeroplane. He then asked me whether I would like a vacant seat in the plane. Eagerly I accepted this chance of flying for the first time, and of visiting a country I had so long wanted to see.

At 11 o'clock that morning a big passenger plane rose from the Egyptian Army Aerodrome just outside Cairo and headed for the capital of the Moslem world—Constantinople. Seated next to me was Dolpey Bey, who, disdaining an air helmet, wore his national Fez. In front of us was Mr. Nevecon engrossed in voluminous papers.

Twice we landed for petrol and a rest, and many hours later we planned down on to the Gomphe Aerodrome just outside the Arabian Nights City of our destination. Mr. Nevecon had already cabled ahead for rooms for the two of us at the Pera Palace Hotel—Dolpey Bey would, of course, go to his own establishment.

During the next few days Mr. Nevecon was occupied with his business relations with the Turkish Government, consequently I should have been left alone, but for Dolpey Bey, who called for me every day in his limousine to show me the sights of his capital. The more I saw of him the more I liked him, but in spite of a whispered warning from Mrs. Nevecon not to "fall" for the man's fascinating ways I was more complimented than I realized. His disposition was so attuned to my own—his likes and dislikes were identical with mine, and we seemed absolutely suited to each other.

One day we drove out to dinner at Tokatlian's Hotel at Therapia, on the Bosphorus. Mr. Nevecon was dining with the American Consul-General in Constantinople. Had he accompanied us to Therapia this chapter of my life might never have been written.

We had had an excellent dinner and had danced to a dreamy string orchestra for some time when Dolpey Bey suggested a moonlight cruise on the Bosphorus in a motor-boat. I eagerly agreed, and followed him down to a landing stage where a Turkish sailor was guarding a big white launch. Saluting Dolpey Bey, he assisted us on board and, as my companion took the wheel, threw off the mooring ropes. We shot out across the waters—alone under the stars.

For almost half-an-hour we cruised about, then



View Outside the Harem in Constantinople Where Mrs. Stuart Was Confined.



Photograph of Dolpey Bey, Mrs. Stuart's Turkish Husband.



"We heard the great key turn in the big lock, the harem door open and there stood our husband with a look of fierce indignation on his face and a long dog whip in his hand."

"Fixing his eyes upon the trembling Fatima, he strode to her side and ordered her to get up off the divan where she was reclining. Instinctively I sprang to my feet and seized his uplifted hand, shouting: 'Stop! No gentleman will whip a woman!'"

Suddenly my companion stopped the motor and leaving the wheel sat down beside me. Suddenly he took hold of one of my hands.

"You have always asked me about harem life," he said, "would you like to enter one?"

"Without a word of reply, my husband tore his hand free from my grasp, and, pushing me back violently toward my divan, he began to cruelly lash poor Fatima about her back and shoulders, and, turning suddenly, left the harem without a word."

Without grasping the full meaning of his question I agreed gladly.

"Will you enter mine?" he said, his voice choked.

Continued on Page 14

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

[illegible]

CHAPTER XIV (Continued)

The Hour of Sacrifice

That made the filthy rite more incredibly monstrous in Rimington's eyes. Scarcely had she touched the knife when it cracked, and she collapsed against the stone altar. Again the shattering sound, and Legrand toppled over as if by some stroke of God; and before he had touched the ground, Rimington, running,

moving from left to right, the last
one to be ordered is the one to
start from. In the last example, the
shells afterwards, a shell is
added to the first followed by Hong
ground and his musical followers
in an art of beautiful music.

He recognized the voice in head whirled. For the moment possibility of pursuit was forgotten in astonishment.

"Rimington recognized the voice instantly. For the moment the possibility of pursuit was forgotten and he cried in astonishment: 'Miss Donthrone! You! What are you doing here?'"

Then she turned to the startle dork as beyond the crest and whistled as Kingston had instructed her. Within a minute she heard rustling sounds, the patter of hurrying feet; and in a very short time the four armed porters had reached her and stared at her and her burden in amazement. They began to chatter excitedly, looking down into the hollow, and

"But your shoulder——"
"It must wait! Give the child to one of the porters——"
"No! No! I will carry him!"
"Then——" He spoke to two of the

CHAPTER XV

swaying,
Fatuma's limp
form over his
shoulders."

(Continued on Page 17)

"A minute later Rimington stood before her swaying, Fatuma's limp form over his shoulders."



Here is a way to sparkling loveliness
Youthful Beauty instantly
 with these youthful shades of Pompeian Powder and Bloom

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET, Beauty

COMPLEXIONS as smooth and exquisite as satin! All women may not have the natural gift of a perfect complexion, but there is a way to make your skin look fresh, delicate—youthful. Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom used together give every advantage to your skin, bringing out its hidden beauty and cleverly disguising its lesser defects with a velvety, flower-petal finish.

Pompeian Beauty Powder gives a smooth, uniform tone from brow to throat and down over the delicate curves of the shoulders. Exquisite women use it for its purity and its velvety texture, which makes it adhere so admirably—and because its shades are perfect in matching the various types of skin. It comes in four shades.

Pompeian Bloom completes the effect of instant beauty when used with Pompeian Beauty Powder. Like the rich, warm blood that comes to the cheeks of a lovely child is the natural coloring given by this rouge. It brings a rose tint to your cheeks that your mirror declares is your own. It comes in five shades.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter. Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments, fill out the coupon. You will receive samples of the Powder and the Bloom, each in its individual box—powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.



New

60c
 SMALLEST SIZE
 BLOOM COMPACT

THIS is the way to the most perfect complexion. Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom used together give every advantage to your skin, bringing out its hidden beauty and cleverly disguising its lesser defects with a velvety, flower-petal finish.

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER, 60c

MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
 THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, INC., NEW YORK

Please send me the following samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Powder shade wanted _____
 Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested _____

Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom

© 1947, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

"The Same Little Pitcher—"

Used for years in making rootbeer from Hires Household Extract

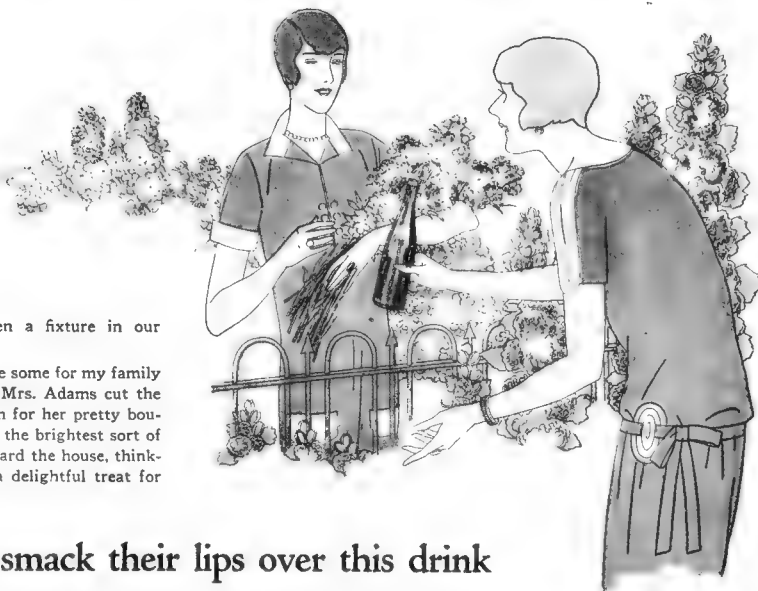
WOULD you like some rootbeer that I made yesterday from Hires Household Extract," inquired Mrs. Hamilton from the hollyhock side of the iron picket fence. "My Joe and the girls like it so much on these real warm days."

"Nothing would please me more," laughed Mrs. Adams, owner of the little gray house on the wallflower and sweet william side. "The children are always asking for rootbeer... 'the kind that Mrs. Hamilton makes.'"

"Oh, rootbeer is so perfectly simple to fix," Mrs. Hamilton went on. "I dip it up with the same little pitcher mother used to use."

Hires Extract has been a fixture in our family for years."

"Yes, I intend to make some for my family very, very soon." And Mrs. Adams cut the last white sweet william for her pretty bouquet. She was wearing the brightest sort of smile as she turned toward the house, thinking to herself, "What a delightful treat for Betty and little Tom."



They all smack their lips over this drink

*Delicious home-made rootbeer from
Hires Household Extract*

And you can make it for less than a cent a glass

WATCH your family when they drink the foamy, sparkling rootbeer you make from Hires Household Extract. It's enjoyment that you can see. Enjoyment that causes you to take pride in having them know that you made it yourself.

Young and old alike love this tasty beverage. They'll want you to keep it on hand all the time. And it's no trouble for you to make; you can easily follow the simple directions for preparing perfect rootbeer—without the slightest bother—from a package of Hires Household Extract.

Like a breath from deep, cool woods

Rootbeer from Hires Household Extract is so delicious and so wholesome because its every ingredient is supplied by Nature alone. There is no artificial flavor or coloring. From the fragrant woods of Maine, from the sunny slopes of Italy, from every corner of the earth come the rare herbs, barks, roots and berries that make this most healthful

and refreshing of summer drinks.

So you can let the children drink all they want—it's good for them.

80 glasses for only 30c

You can make 5 gallons—80 glasses—of finest rootbeer from one 30c package of Hires Household Extract. A cost of less than a cent a glass! Certainly the

most economical beverage ever served, as well as the most popular. There were over 30 million gallons of rootbeer made from Hires Extract last year.

Get Hires Household Extract at your dealer's, and start giving your family the drink that always hits the spot—good old-fashioned rootbeer, home-made. Full directions in every package. The Charles E. Hires Company, 208 South 24th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Shall we send you a bottle of
Hires Household Extract?**

In case your dealer does not carry Hires Household Extract, we will be glad to send you one bottle—enough to make 80 glasses of rootbeer—for 30c (35c in Canada).

Hires Household Extract has many other uses that will be new and welcome to you. Did you know, for instance, that it could be used in flavoring pies, puddings and icings for cakes? Valuable suggestions for summer menus are contained in our new recipe book. We will be glad to send you a copy—free.

Here is a new and rapidly growing use for Hires Household Extract. Women everywhere are writing to tell us how good this famous extract is for flavoring puddings, cake icings, gelatin and other desserts. We would appreciate hearing how you like it used this way. We would be glad also to have you send us your favorite recipe.



There is an interesting radio program given every Thursday evening by The Charles E. Hires Company. Tune in on WJZ New York, WBZ Springfield, KDKA Pittsburgh, KYW Chicago, WBAL Baltimore, WJW Detroit, WHAS Louisville, WSM Nashville, WMC Memphis, WSB Atlanta, for a delightful radio half-hour.

ROOTBEER HAND SAUCE: Blend $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful butter and 1 cupful powdered sugar until creamy. Then add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful rootbeer extract and 1 teaspoonful boiling water, very slowly. Continue heating until well mixed and of good consistency. This hand sauce is delicious when used to top hot puddings.



Hires Household Extract—for making delicious rootbeers at home, easily and inexpensively, and for use as a tasty flavoring in cooking. This is the familiar package seen in thousands of homes throughout the country. Always keep an extra package on your kitchen shelf.



ROOTBEER PUMPKIN PIE: Scald 2 cups milk and pour over $\frac{1}{4}$ cups steamed and strained pumpkin; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar; 2 well-beaten eggs; $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon; $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. each of ginger and mace; 2 tbsp. cornstarch (sifted); 1 tsp. rootbeer extract. Stir over boiling water until well mixed. Pour in pastry shell and bake until browned.



The Charles E. Hires Company
208 South 24th Street, Philadelphia
Please send a bottle of Hires Household Extract and the new, free recipe book. I enclose 30c (35c in Canada) to pay for the extract.

Name _____

Address _____

Hires Household Extract

Wendell's Beauty News

(Continued from Page 14)

"Beautiful, beautiful," he said, thinking of Melita. "I've never met anyone who made me great an appeal. If money can buy it, she shall have the greatest wish of her heart gratified." Then he rang for the butler and stood with his back to the fire waiting him.

Carter, portly and subservient, came in and discreetly closed the door behind him. Tulloch said, curiously.

"Dinner in the small room at seven tomorrow night, Carter; and see that I'm not interrupted." And it pleased you, said Carter, solemnly, and went out.

CHAPTER IX.

MELITA had passed through a harrowing day. The soulless Sabina had made her feel her position keenly since the moment she entered the breakfast room in the morning. Whining

and wondering what was to happen to the household if Pascal, by any mischance should lose his position in the office, she had passed naturally to caustic comments on those who lived beyond their means and then left their dependents to be cared for by relatives. Colonel Harner must have known years ago that he was drifting into debt and that some day the reckoning would come. Was it fair to three poor people who had to toil daily for their bread and deny themselves anything that remotely resembled luxury?

Through the day she kept up the trade until Melita's heart was bruised and bleeding. Toward evening, and long before Pascal returned from the city, she had crept to her room to seek solace in tears that nothing would have allowed her to shed in the presence of the virago down stairs. The sense of loneliness was not so great and painful. She told herself that she had every reason to be grateful

if she compared her lot with the thousands of women who had been left to fight on without the companionship of their men. She had a little capital. She had a position. She closed the negotiations relating to the business which he was buying for her, and she would give him to withdraw from them. With a thousand pounds at her command she could seek her own beloved country and open a small school.

The idea came to her with all the comfort of a shaft of sunlight on a November day: she chided herself for not having thought of it before. She would go back even to Ryecroft, where the gentility of the district might be disposed to sympathize with her and patronize the simple kindergarten she had in mind for ending their young children to her. She was certain that she had the faculty for teaching for amiable children. She loved children, and they might help her to forget the shadow that lay across her young life.

It would take very little money to carry out her project and provide her with necessities. In the villages one could live so frugally that one need not get more out of life than they who drugged in the city, where salaries were larger. What money could buy, that glorious sweep of downland that fringed the village of Ryecroft, after the city street could beat the grandeur of a hedgehog in April when the high weeds were bursting with their mating and the pungent smell of the newly-turned earth frothed between the lanes, what music sweeter than the whistling of the ploughman as he trudged behind his

she had made up her mind to this venture when Sabina came to her from downstairs demanding to be told if it took her hours to dress. Sabina was going out to another church committee meeting. How she gloried in the fact that at last she had conquered the vicar of the unworthiness of some odious woman or other, who "thought she owned the church." Pascal had told her that he would be late in returning from the office that night; she wasn't disposed to wait for him. Melita could prepare her evening dress and advise him to follow his wife and the church hall where the committee was to deliberate.

All this might have been decided by Pascal himself, but he had decided it accord with his desires on this evening. When he arrived and learned from Melita that his wife was out he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Then we can talk without being interrupted," he said. "I have great news for you, Melita—news that should raise your hopes sky-high. Mr. Tulloch is prepared to offer you a position. And what a position! Private and confidential secretary! Think of it!"

"He expects you to be an enthusiast and was numbed by her enthusiasm," he said. "I don't understand the significance of that, Melita. He sat down and clasped his hands. 'Great heavens, I was so elated, since it was a matter of life in a sense, that I couldn't breathe for a second or two when Murchison told me. His position and confidence in me! And that has nothing to do with Murchison's duties; yours are to be very special duties.'"

"You are to be at the office at five tomorrow afternoon," said Pascal. "Murchison has received you. Awfully nice fellow, Murchison when you get to know him. Wait till you see his little girls; they will give you a true idea of the real Murchison. He is devoted to them."

Through, but he would make an effort to have them notified. All was arranged, yet there was the instinctive feeling that behind the office door, where he was watching Mr. Tulloch. If he didn't keep the appointment he was likely to take an affront, and his anger would recoil on Pascal. She could listen to whatever proposal might be made and suggest to him that her qualifications were not sufficient to warrant her accepting.

This she agreed to do, but her heart was heavy because of a new fear that had taken hold of her; she didn't like the expression on Pascal's face—he seemed to be afraid to look her in the eyes; continually he glanced over his shoulder as though he half expected to find someone standing there just behind him.

At 5 o'clock on the following afternoon she presented herself at the office in the city. It struck her as being strange that Pascal had already left the premises, but the instant that Murchison made his appearance all her nervousness disappeared. He was unusually grave of expression, but there was a certain tenderness in his voice as he greeted her and led the way to his own little room. Even as she accepted the chair he placed in position, she saw in his eyes the reflection of two children of whom Pascal had spoken. She told him of her love for children and of the school she had dreamed in her mind the previous evening when she thought of leaving the city and the country to teach. She wished that she could see his children, for Pascal had said so much about them.

And Murchison, as he listened felt more degraded than any criminal in the dock. He averred his name, fearing that his eyes might betray his emotions. He felt that she was not only a child and not much more experienced than a school girl, but she was the key to the modern world. The best that was in his nature rebelled against the fact that she had given him, but concern for the safety of his own little household overcame the better.

He told her that Mr. Tulloch would receive her at his house in the city, and after he had interviewed other candidates for the post. That was a subtle touch designed to deceive her, for although she almost confounded herself by saying that she was being staid aside in favor of some poor girl who might need the position, normally she herself was when they were about to leave the office that a simple act of Melita's touched his heart with sentiment and almost broke down his resistance. On his desk he placed a photograph of his eldest child. Melita picked it up and asked the question which her eyes had been asking her to ask. "Is that your daughter?" he said when he told her.

"It was her birthday yesterday," he added. From her chatelaine Melita took a silver brooch and the form of a brooch. "That," she said "was one of the first I received from someone when I loved better than life itself. It was a brooch that lay that although it's a day late, it's just full of love and good wishes."

Murchison accompanied her as far as the Park Street house and after seeing her just continuing his journey home.

The Pitman woman received Melita in the drawing room. An angular woman like, with features that might have been high, but were now lined and harsh; in her eyes was a cold, hard light. When she came of disappointment and disillusionment and the resolve to get the best materially out of what might remain in life. Postage as she had been, she appeared in her calculating eyes, then insisted on showing her around the house. Mr. Tulloch was engaged with some business acquaintances, she said, but would expect her to await his pleasure.

It was when Pitman led her into a dressing room and began the subterfuge of persuading her to change her simple frock that Melita's very lack of experience came to her aid. Instinct guided her, and her protests were so firm that Murchison, for a moment, almost lost his temper. In vain she insisted that Mr. Tulloch would be affronted by his treatment was such that he might storm and rave and dismiss even her from his employ.

In the end, Melita was left alone in that dressing room, while Pitman went to make inquiries about the supposed business friends; if they were going to stay to dinner it was likely that Mr. Tulloch would make another appointment for Melita.

Left alone, Melita stared wonderingly at the collection of gossamer clothes that had been laid out on the Grecian couch in the dressing room. They were beautiful in shade and texture, but they were something terribly sinister in their beauty. The pale blue frock with its exquisite ornamentation seemed to her at her; the delicate lace of the dress that had been laid out in the dressing room. On the dressing table lay more jewels than she had ever seen before, and each one seemed to stare at and beckon to her.

No sound came to her save the loud beating of her own heart. If she could have heard the traffic moving along the street outside she would have been startled.

It was kind of you to invite me to call here," said, "your office being closed for the day, I haven't looked for so much consideration."

"Who would do anything for you?" he said. "You invite, I wish to know what you want me your circumstances. Perhaps, your relative, Mr. Pascal, called Melita yesterday, but I'm afraid you must have taken a good impression of my capabilities. I have had no experience."

Leaning back in his chair he surveyed her small, fragile figure. No advertisement aid such as the firmy he had left in Pitman's charge could have heightened the beauty of these eyes of hers or made a more glorious curve to the soft, pliant body. Compared with all men whom she had known in his life she was as a violet newly-picked in springtime compared with a hard rose dancing from a dusty street.

"It was kind of you to invite me to call here," said, "your office being closed for the day, I haven't looked for so much consideration."

"You don't require any," he said. "The work is different from anything you may have in mind. Do you play any musical instrument, for instance?" and he looked at her. "Inspiration, music, as much to a man in my position. Mental relaxation, you know, is essential. I am content to start in perplexity—I'm aware of the fact that I could hire an orchestra if I wished, but that isn't what I require. Then, again, you could talk to me about—about the country, side when I feel so disposed. Come, I'll let you go to your mind. I love the country even as you. There are times when I positively loathe the town and business, but I cannot get away just when the mood pleases me. A man in my position is as much a slave to the public as the meanest artisan. In fact, he is more of a slave; he has to stand outside the critics from the newspapers. I want something to do, something to give my own views no matter how quaint. And when we travel—"

"Travel?" he said. "I like to have my own business. I don't want to be thinking about money and business every minute of my waking day. So I didn't care for the toilet, shall I say. That's not like a woman."

"Not like an ordinary woman, perhaps, Mr. Tulloch." She wouldn't have believed that she had the courage to say as much. How quick he was to evolve a subtle out of sound.

"And I rather admired you for it," he said with a smile that reassured her. In truth, it was hoping that it wouldn't appeal to her. I should have said that you were just a mistake. I don't want to have been content to accept the things, and I don't want to forgive me, I'm in my position but to exercise so many subtleties in order to convince himself that he is not making a mistake in his judgment of character. Now, tell me that you are not making a mistake in your judgment of mine. And as she hesitated, he added: "The salary is five hundred a year. Yes, yes,"—as she flung out her hands in amazement, he knew it sounds a large sum, but for the right person it is not much. It is impossible to BUY the right person for this post. Miss Harner. Thousands would reply to an advertisement offering one half that salary, but probably not one of them would be worth it. I consider myself fortunate in having met you at the office. Indeed, I feel grateful to your brother, Mr. Pascal. Well, I can't answer you, Mr. Tulloch," she said, breathlessly.

"I don't dream in this house," he said and laughed. "Come, let's go. Now we'll begin the new partnership, as it were. 'Dinner?' She shook her head. 'I'm not hungry—no thank you.' But she had a great deal to say to me that I ought to go back to Mr. Pascal and tell him—"

"Tulloch," she said, "I have heard the simple protest. He touched the bell and to the butler who answered, he said: 'Bring me a glass of water.'"

"Serve dinner. I darsay my guests will be here in a few minutes. We shall not wait with Miss Harner wishes to return home immediately afterwards. And—"

He didn't give her a chance to protest, and her primitive love of order and the senseless strength of personality found something in his attitude to admire.

For Mildred. CLOTHES that have become mildewed can be made clean by putting lemon juice on the spots and then leaving them in the sun.



The hair you admire can be yours!

Good-bye . . . unruly hair!

Keep it in place all day . . . Try this modern dressing—FREE

Yes, you can say Good-bye to the old problem. A mere touch of Stacom and your hair will stay in place all day long!

Let us send you, free, a generous sample of this modern dressing. Stacom never leaves your hair sticky looking. Nor dry and dull, as wetting with water and oil. But "alive," dignified, naturally lustrous. Stacom helps prevent dandruff, too.

Stacom comes in two forms—in the original cream and the new liquid. All drug and department stores.

Now in liquid form too

FREE OFFER Stacom

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc. Dept. U-113 W. 14th Street, New York City. Write for free sample of original cream form (C) New liquid form (L) Name _____

Address _____



Women say that Tintex tints are easiest to use

... AND we receive thousands of letters a year telling how easy Tintex is to use; how brilliant and fashionable are the colors... how perfect are the results.

"Prove Tintex to yourself! Just 'tint as you rinse' to restore the color—or give new color to your hair. Tintex for tinting lacquers, silk stockings, frocks, sportswear, curtains, etc.

"Tintex perfectly meets every hair tinting and dyeing need. There are Tintex Tints for tinting all materials. Then there are special Tintex Tints for tinting lacquers, silk stockings, etc. For dyeing heavier materials, or apparel, there are Tintex dyes—Black, Navy Blue, Brown, Cardinal Red, Dark Green, Blue and Khaki Brown. See the Tintex Color Card at your dealer!

Blue, Black, or for lacquered silk (tintes the silk—does not stain white). Grey, Brown, for tinting and dyeing all materials (silk, cotton, mixed goods). 15¢ a package at drug, dry goods and dept. stores

Tintex TINTS AND DYES ANYTHING ANY COLOR

Distributing PARK & TILFORD New York

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

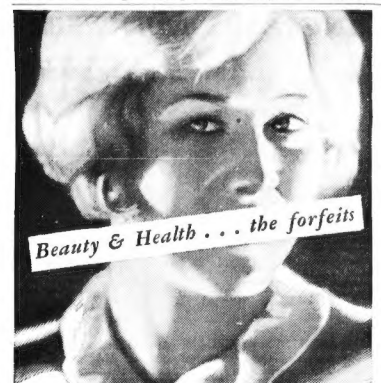
Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.



Beauty & Health . . . the forfeits

Pyorrhea's victims are 4 out of 5

A ruthless enemy that gives no quarter is Pyorrhea. Its poisons sweep through the system undermining health and often causing such serious diseases as rheumatism and neuritis, appendicitis, ulcers, stomach troubles and nervousness. The price it demands is paid in health and beauty.

Four out of five past age, and thousands younger, pay this heavy toll. But you need not fear these uneven odds. For you can protect teeth and gums against the attack of Pyorrhea and so safeguard health. Go to your dentist at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today. This definitive, "re" formula of R. J. Forhan, D. S. C., thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its course.

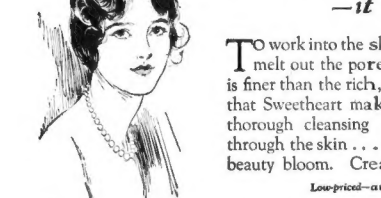
Forhan's keeps gum tissue firm and healthy. It protects teeth and keeps them a lustrous white. Use Forhan's regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. They will thank you in later years. Forhan's is not an ordinary toothpaste. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. It is health-insurance. At all drug stores—5¢c and 6¢c.

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

We make this promise

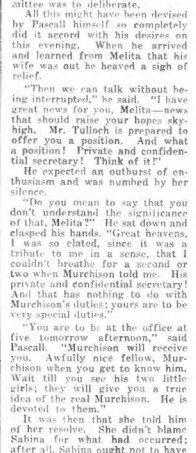
Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.



"Beauty is skin DEEP"—it needs SOAP!

To work into the skin's tiny valleys and melt out the pore-debris . . . nothing is finer than the rich, thick, creamy lather that Sweetheart makes in any water. Its thorough cleansing helps activity clear through the skin . . . aids the health-and-beauty bloom. Cream-white oval cake.

Low-priced—at your grocer's



Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

We make this promise

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If you try this new, definitive, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment, once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only had had breath with their effluvia odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshment is a success. Try it.

Pyorrhea was a scourge, from first. If

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 STORE

Youth turns to long hair -



"Of 22 girls selected for Beauty in 'The Daisy Chain', 17 have long hair"

N. Y. TIMES



EACH year, the twenty-two most beautiful girls at America's most exclusive girls' college are chosen to carry the traditional Daisy Chain. Of this year's lovely twenty-two, SEVENTEEN have long hair!

Youth has turned to this new mode. Experts express approval by choosing these girls as lovelier than their sisters. And to protect these modern beauties, LORRAINE HAIR NETS. So fine

and lustrous as they cannot be detected from your own hair, so perfectly fitting that they enhance the beauty of any coiffure.

LORRAINE HAIR NETS come in two sizes, regular for long hair; and LORRAINE BOBBED HAIR NETS, a smaller size, for both bobbed and growing hair.

Available in single and double mesh, LORRAINE HAIR NETS are always ready to serve you, smartly, economically!

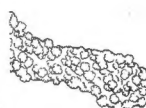
LORRAINE HAIR NETS are sold exclusively at F. W. WOOLWORTH CO STORES



SILK NETS
with elastic edge
Wear one at night, too!
It will make your waves
last twice as long!



Full Size for LONG HAIR
Special Size for BOBBED HAIR
All shades, including grey and white



LORRAINE
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Lorraine Cocoanut
Oil Shampoo—com-
bined with Olive Oil
—a shampoo and
treatment in one...

10¢



Lorraine

HAIR NETS

Double and Single Mesh — Fringe or Cap Shape

10¢ each